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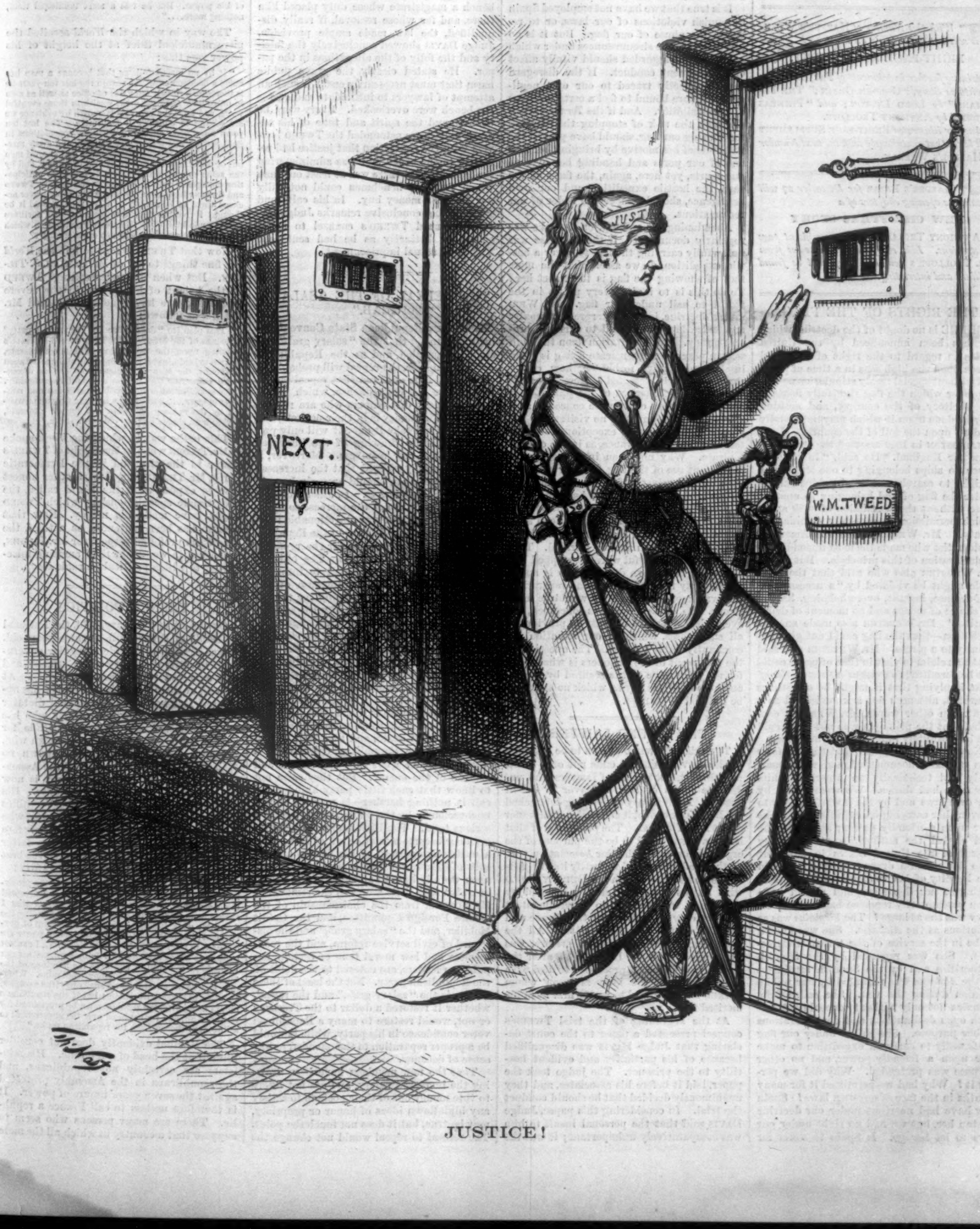

JUSTICE!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873.

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THE RIGHTS OF THE FLAG.

THERE is no doubt of the doctrine which has been announced by the United States in regard to the right of visit and search upon the high seas in a time of peace and without special treaty stipulations. The ship over which the flag rightfully floats is the territory of the country, and nothing may be done upon it which may not equally be done upon the soil of the country. Lord PALMERSTON in 1840 asserted the same doctrine for England. He said, "In time of peace no ships belonging to one state have a right to search and detain ships sailing under the flag of and belonging to another state without the permission of such state, which permission is generally signified by treaty." Mr. WEBSTER was the American diplomatist who made the most unconditional declaration of this principle. But it was Mr. WEBSTER also who said that the principle might be violated by "a necessity of self-defense, instant, overwhelming, having no choice of means and no moment of deliberation." Mr. WEBSTER also made another exception—that the flag could not give immunity to a pirate. Mr. WEBSTER also said that this claim to visit in time of peace could not be permitted to exist *as a strict matter of right,* implying that it might be sometimes tolerated, although not acknowledged as a right. In other words, Mr. WEBSTER conceded that the principle was not and could not be absolutely inflexible and universal.

Now let it be assumed that the *Virginius* was regularly documented, and was apparently and technically an American ship. Then we had duties. We were bound by our own laws and by the law of nations to prevent her carrying an expedition to make war upon a friendly power; and after she had eluded the authorities at home, any consul of the United States in any port who did not use every means to ascertain the legality of her voyage had no right to authorize her departure, and should have been peremptorily removed had he done so. How was she at large? The *Virginius* was as notorious as the *Alabama.* She was known to be in the service of the Cuban insurrection. She was regarded by the Spanish authorities and by the Spanish sentiment as the *Alabama* was regarded by our public opinion during the war. She sailed from Jamaica not only without concealment, but with open declarations and demonstrations of her purpose. She sailed under our flag confessedly to carry an expedition to make war upon a friendly power, and no other purpose was pretended. Why did we permit it? Why had we permitted it for many months in the face of our own laws? Spain may have had no right under our doctrine to stop her, but we had no right under our laws to let her go. Is Spain to suffer for our negligence, or should we make war upon her for irregularly saving herself from a blow which we ought to have prevented?

It is our duty to defend the flag, but it is not our duty to protect the frandulent use of the flag. What is the object of insisting that it shall be respected, and that in peace upon the high seas the ship bearing it shall not be stopped? It is that honest merchantmen may be secure upon their lawful errands. But we all agree that the *Virginius* was not an honest merchantman upon a lawful errand. When she flew the flag upon the high seas, she declared to every ship she met that she had a right to carry it. But she had not. The American flag at her peak was a lie, for it declared that she was an honest American trader. Her intention was not piratical, but she had no more right to call herself an honest American ship than if she had been a pirate. Should the conceded facts have no influence upon our feelings, and no weight in our decision? Should we act as if the *Virginius* had been a peaceful American trader from China or the Cape, and insist upon war with Spain because Spain, so far as appears, without other warrant than that of self-preservation, refused to be injured by a fraudulent use of our flag?

It is true that we have not employed Spain to punish violations of our laws, or to revenge the abuse of our flag. But it is no less true that the circumstances under which our flag is disregarded should vitally affect our subsequent conduct. If the disregard can be directly traced to our own negligence, we are bound to feel a certain degree of responsibility. And if the *Tornado,* when she took the risk of stopping the *Virginius* for abusing our flag, should have proved the rectitude of her motive by bringing her into one of our ports and handing her over to our courts, yet here, again, the facts of the case, the hostile expedition, and our own negligence, should temper the ardor of our reclamations.

Abandoning the assumption that she was regularly documented, if the *Virginius* was unlawfully carrying the flag to cover a hostile expedition, do we assert that the mere fact of showing the flag is to protect her? To do this is to invite every pirate in the world to sail under our flag. Mr. WEBSTER'S doctrine, indeed, interpreted formally and inflexibly, would lead to this and protect piracy. For if visitation upon the high seas in peace to authenticate a flag is absolutely and always forbidden, how can a shrewd pirate be detected? Here, however, we see the significance of his phrase that the claim to visit can not be conceded as a right. The rule must be no visitation; but there may be necessary exceptions to be determined in every instance, as in the case of a pirate. Why not then in the case of a fraudulent use of the flag to cover a hostile expedition against a friend? If, then, the *Virginius* shall prove to have been regularly documented, she was, in view of the conceded facts, only technically an American ship. She was carrying, in contempt of our laws, a hostile expedition against a friend. That friend, without lawful warrant, stopped her, as we ought to have done. Here is ample opportunity for explanation and reparation, but war upon such grounds would be monstrous. So far as the ship is concerned, the event should lead to a treaty to provide for all such cases, which in our situation are constantly liable to arise. The question of the treatment of the prisoners is wholly different. We have rights secured by treaty, and humanity has rights, which no state can be suffered to outrage.

THE TWEED LAWYERS.

THE trial of TWEED proves to be a double public service, since it ends not only in his punishment, but in that of lawyers who, under the forms of law, endeavor to defeat justice. If the money of the Ring debauched the New York bench, it also stained the honor of the New York bar. The protection of that honor was supposed to be the purpose of the organization called the Bar Association. If so, that body has failed to justify itself. After the connection of DAVID DUDLEY FIELD with JAMES FISK was clearly exposed by gentlemen who sought no concealment, it was not easy to understand the silence and inaction of the Bar Association. All the more manly and agreeable, therefore, was the conduct of Judge DAVIS, who, after the conviction of TWEED, proceeded to deal with the offenses of the lawyers upon whom TWEED had depended to rescue him from his merited fate.

At the beginning of the trial TWEED'S counsel presented a paper to the court declaring that Judge DAVIS was disqualified because of his partiality and evident hostility to the prisoner. The judge took the paper, laid it before his associates, and they unanimously decided that he should conduct the trial. In considering this paper, Judge DAVIS said that the personal insult to him was comparatively unimportant; it was the attempted obstruction of justice that made it significant. He then showed the evident motives of its presentation. The paper was prepared last June, and was signed by DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, JOHN GRAHAM, WILLIAM FULLERTON, W. O. BARTLETT, JOHN E. BURRILL, ELIHU ROOT, WILLARD BARTLETT, and WILLIAM EDELSTEN. Mr. FIELD subsequently left for Europe, and Mr. BURRILL withdrew from the case. After the paper was prepared this counsel appeared in June, and when the case was called, instead of objecting to the judge as disqualified, applied to him to adjourn the case. He heard the argument upon the motion, and postponed the trial until October. The counsel were willing to take the chance of an order of delay from a disqualified court, holding the paper ready to be used if the motion did not succeed. In October they came in again, and again moved the disqualified court for further delay, and when they found that they must come to trial, they presented the paper.

Its purpose was plain. It was meant to intimidate the judge; to brand him before the public as partial and prejudiced and unfit; to influence against him those who might be called as jurors, and to challenge off the bench a magistrate whose duty placed him there, and for whose removal, if really disqualified, the law made ample provision. Judge DAVIS showed conclusively the falsity and the folly of the allegations in the paper. He stated clearly the grave public harm that must necessarily ensue if such an attempt of lawyers to intimidate and coerce the bench were overlooked. Every word he uttered, and the spirit and tone of his address, must have astounded the TWEED lawyers with the conviction that justice had returned to the bench and was administering the law, and that there was at least one man whom TWEED'S henchmen could not bully nor TWEED'S money buy. In his calm and scathing and conclusive remarks Judge DAVIS sentenced TWEED'S counsel to moral odium as distinctly as he had sentenced TWEED to actual imprisonment.

THE REPEAL OF THE "SALARY GRAB."

As several Republican State Conventions have demanded that the "salary grab" bill shall be repealed, and as the Republicans control Congress, the repeal will probably be proposed. It is objected that repeal would not remove the chief offense, which is the back payment of members who are not reelected. The money is in their pockets, and repeal will not take it out; it will only prevent the future drawing of the increased salary by the new members. Moreover, it is not generally alleged that the increased sum is larger than should properly be paid to members of Congress. In other words, it is said that it was not the increase so much as its method which was objectionable in itself, and extremely hurtful to the Republican party. But the reason for the repeal is not pecuniary. It is moral. The bill was a bargain. It was intended to influence members to vote for the increase of the President's salary by providing for the increase of their own, and to buy the support of those who were just leaving Congress by offering them the increased rate for their expired term. However defensible the end, the means made it one of the most disgraceful acts ever done by Congress, and the honor of that body imperatively demands the repeal.

The consequences to the Republican party of failing to meet the question fairly and promptly are certain, and they will be disastrous. Some Republican chiefs have a superb scorn of what they call clamor and attacks of the enemy. But they seem not to know that each little party blunder—to call it nothing harsher—is marked almost unconsciously by the public, until there is a serious total. The little scores on the tavern door become a terrible bill at last. And a meditative perusal of the figures and results of the autumn elections will make them seem wofully like a balancing of the books, in which such little scores as the removal of Mr. SUMNER from the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Committee, and the Crédit Mobilier, and the "salary grab," and the disregard of civil service reform, and the recklessness and low moral tone of certain Republican leaders, are entered to the debit of the Republican party. Not the least of these entries is the "salary grab," and the repeal, whether it restored a dollar to the Treasury or not, would restore to many a Republican voter confidence in his party, while it would be a proper reparation to the offended public sense of decency.

That the new members have been drawing the increased salary, and are not likely to vote money out of their pockets to satisfy any high-flown ideas of honor or propriety, may be true, but it does not touch the point. The refusal to repeal would not change the public judgment of the original offense, nor conciliate alienated Republicans. That the repeal would be a virtual censure of the President is certainly no argument, if it be required by reasons of public honor. That it would be extremely inconvenient to many members, and that Congressional services should not be niggardly paid, may be true; but it is an inconvenience to which, for this Congress, they should, under the circumstances, be willing to submit, while provision can readily be made for future Congresses. Moreover, Republican members will certainly be brought to book by some member of the opposition, and it would be at least wise to make a virtue of necessity. The question of repeal will be raised, and we shall all look with interest to see what Republican member votes against it or dodges.

GOOD LORD! GOOD DEVIL!

IN a ludicrous effort to disprove the notorious mastery of the Democratic party in this State by TWEED and the Tammany Ring, the *World* says:

> "The *World* has no need to use harsh language of TWEED now. It was the first to assail him, and the moment of its assault was when he was at the height of his power. But he was a mere municipal thief, nothing more...."

The way in which the *World* assailed the mere municipal thief at the height of his power was this:

> "It by no means follows that because a man has made a handsome fortune within the last ten years he is therefore a rascal. Men out of office as well as men in office have acquired great wealth in those eventful years, and until the contrary is shown by evidence we are willing to consider it legitimate. The last ten years have been an era of gigantic speculations in gold, stocks, real estate, merchandise, and every marketable thing. Shrewd men in office and shrewd men out of office have made a great deal of money, and by the same means, namely, their foresight in anticipating changes of value. Whatever else Messrs. TWEED and SWEENY have been charged with, nobody ever accused them of being fools. Why, then, should it be thought incredible that they have amassed fortunes by the same kind of legitimate speculations in which other shrewd men have made so much money?"

Now that TWEED is sent to jail, the *World* has fine things to say of Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN. But when it was "assailing" TWEED at the height of his power in the severe words that we have quoted, it praised Mr. TILDEN as follows:

> "This plan [to "demoralize the Democratic party" by means of the breach in the Ring caused by HALL'S insisting upon the resignation of his confederate, CONNOLLY] culminated yesterday in an alliance between CONNOLLY, the MURPHY radicals, *and certain discontented Democrats who profess a special respectability.* After consultation with a *skillful politician and railway manager*...., etc. And a letter to CONNOLLY written by the *railway politician and lawyer aforesaid,* having been signed by poor old HAVEMEYER," etc.

This is the way in which the *World* spoke of Mr. TILDEN when, at the height of TWEED'S power in the city and in the Democratic party, Mr. TILDEN united with other honest men to expose what the *World* called the "legitimate speculations" by which TWEED might have made his money. Now that TWEED has been sentenced as a thief, the *World* has profound respect for Mr. TILDEN, and is lost in wonder at the "amazing falsehoods" to which political journals stoop.

FRENCH POLITICS.

ON the 8th of February, 1874, the National Assembly of France will be three years old. It was elected to provide a regular government to ratify the treaty with Germany, and was expected to be provisional only. At the end of three years this Assembly has appointed Marshal M'MAHON virtual dictator for seven years. He is a soldier who has never displayed any especial aptitude for civil administration, an honorable man who, although not a republican, has shown no disposition hostile to the will of the Assembly, which, by the national consent, is now the supreme authority in the state. His precise position is stated by the Versailles correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* who said on the 21st of October, a week before the Comte de Chambord wrote the letter which lost him a throne, that he had the best authority for these remarks of M'MAHON:

> "I think that in the interests of France the provisional state of things should cease. When I accepted the Presidency, it was on the understanding that I should be nothing more than a sentinel guarding the Assembly while it decided upon a settled form of government; but if the party who placed me in power are defeated in their efforts to restore HENRY V., I can not consent to act as their *pis-aller* [stop-gap], neither can I remain at the head of affairs as the nominee of the republican party, whose opinions are not mine. Whatever may be the government, I shall obey it as a soldier, and help to enforce its orders; but if the republicans obtain a majority, the republic must be proclaimed for good and all, and I must hand over the government to a President chosen from the republican ranks."

The Marshal evidently does not consider himself at the head of a republic. His ministers are certainly not republicans, and the republicans in the Assembly protested against the seven years' tenure of power. It is therefore useless to call France a republic. There are many persons who seem to suppose that a country in which all the male adults vote is therefore a republic. But one of the most transparent tricks of Louis Napoleon was universal suffrage. As the Democrats in Kansas prepared their ballots "for the Constitution with slavery" or "for the Constitution without slavery," but always for the Constitution, so the Emperor invited Frenchmen to vote under the empire. They were summoned to declare whether they wanted something which had been already established. Universal suffrage does not necessarily imply a republic, as the late French empire proved. A republic is an actual representative government, and to make it actual, constitutional defenses, and the perpetual training of free assembly and free debate, are indispensable. In the total absence of all these the French imperial *plebiscites* were the most ghastly parodies of political freedom.

An Assembly which extends the power of M'Mahon for seven years is, of course, an Assembly opposed to the fundamental conditions of a republic. Yet it is not possible to say that we must therefore assume France not to be republican. For the Assembly does not politically represent the country, and was not intended to do so. It was selected for a particular purpose, and candidates were designedly selected from all parties, classes, and interests. Each elector voted for all the candidates sent by his department, who in that of the Seine were forty-three in number. The Assembly at its opening was probably the most truly representative body in the world. When it first sat at Versailles it contained 226 republicans of all kinds, 210 legitimists, 60 Orleanists, 10 Bonapartists, and 130 liberal conservatives, which probably meant, at a pinch, Orleanists. In the subsequent elections, in which political opinions have had their usual supremacy—which they had not at the original election—the republicans have steadily gained. The elections for two years have returned 116 republicans to 35 of all other politics; and if we take the vote of the 24th of November upon Léon Say's motion about the illegal delay of elections, which was defeated by 364 to 314, there seems to be still a positive anti-republican majority.

The sudden and ludicrous failure of the legitimist plan of restoring the Bourbon monarchy seems to involve the Orleanists. There is, of course, a mystery here. The Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale are men too shrewd, it was supposed, to have left all their hopes and "claims" to the discretion of a mere amiable visionary. Yet in acknowledging Chambord, unconditionally, as the head of the house, they apparently embraced his fortunes. And as he makes himself an impossible chief, yet does not resign his claims, the clever Orleanists seem to be entangled in his position. It is a fate too absurd for them to contemplate with equanimity, and there must be some secret explanation that will save the credit of their sagacity. Every political event in France will be watched with great interest, especially as the dominant power can not wish success to the republican aspirations of Spain.

MR. JARVIS LORD.

We recently stated that the Attorney-General of the State had brought a suit for frauds in canal contracts against Mr. Jarvis Lord, of Rochester, who has just been elected to the Senate by the Democrats, and we mentioned the charges made in the official allegation. Our statement was an undeniable fact of official record. Mr. Lord has published a letter, in which he does not, of course, question the truth of what we asserted, but he says:

> "I have frequently urged the Attorney-General to bring the suit to a trial, and he has as often told me that he did not intend to try it, for the reason that he was satisfied that the charges were not true."

He then insinuates that the Attorney-General was influenced by personal or party malice in his conduct.

As our article was the occasion of this declaration and insinuation of Mr. Lord, and as, if unnoticed by us, it might be supposed by some persons that his assertion disposes of the matter, it is right that we should state, upon the authority of the Attorney-General, that that officer has never said in any manner whatever that he did not intend to try the suit, which is noticed for the December term of the Supreme Court, or that he doubted the truth of the allegations. His action will be governed by the decision of a point of law, not of fact, involved in this case and many others, which has been already argued, and now awaits the judgment of the court.

As for personal or party motives influencing his official conduct in the case, it is enough to say that the Attorney-General brings no charges whatever. He officially institutes this and similar suits by the express direction of the Legislature, in a law passed before his election (Chap. 869, Laws of 1868), and upon the faith of the report made to the Legislature on December 31, 1867, in which the Lord or Chemung Canal contract was included among those stigmatized by the committee as fraudulent.

If every Attorney-General were like the one whose services the State is about to lose, and of whom Mr. Tremaine, in moving for judgment upon Tweed, said, "The Attorney-General is the man who has had active personal supervision of the criminal and civil suits" (against Tweed and company) "from the beginning to the end," the Canal Ring would be broken up as effectually as the Tammany Ring has been.

THE COMPTROLLER.

The honest people of this city should understand that Mr. Andrew H. Green, in consenting to defend their property against municipal thieves, took his life in his hand. There is less glory, but very much more peril, in his post than in that of many generals whose names are justly honored for their service in the field. The late dastardly attempt upon Mr. Green's life in the form of an ingenious infernal machine shows at what cost an upright and resolute and able man serves the public. It is the highest testimony to his official character and heroism; and the man whom plunderers of every kind and degree heartily hate, and would gladly remove by any means, is the man for all honest men to trust and uphold. The Comptroller is in the thick of a fight in which the positive support of his fellow-citizens, whom he is defending, is of the utmost value.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

If the statement made as we write, that the Spanish Government has acceded to our demands, be correct, the Administration of General Grant has another title to the respect and confidence of the country. Spain consents to surrender the *Virginius*, with the survivors of the crew, upon the *prima facie* evidence of her American character, to salute the flag, and to punish the offenders. This last point is most important, because, whatever may be the truth as to the ownership of the vessel, there can be no doubt that no state can be permitted to shoot the citizens of another, taken under such circumstances, without an opportunity of being heard. It is unquestionable that there were persons upon the *Virginius* who were forced against their will to sail in the ship, and, by the pleasure of the Spanish court-martial, to be found on board was to be guilty of a capital offense against Spain. This is a claim which would put an end to the comity of civilized nations.

There remains, of course, the question whether the Spanish Government can enforce its will. A paragraph from the organ of the Volunteers in Havana, published on the morning that the pacific settlement was announced, declared in an ominous tone that the Captain-General would not dare to issue such an "absurd order" as an arrest of the Santiago executions. If, however, the commands of Spain should be obeyed in Cuba, it would show that the general American opinion of the impotence of the home Government in that island is totally unfounded. But whether they are or not, Emilio Castelar, the present head of that Government, is entitled to the lasting gratitude of all honorable hearts in the United States. He has shown the highest courage of a statesman and a patriot, the power of doing right against the mad clamor of what is falsely called national honor, of insisting that justice shall be done even at the cost of his own ambition or of his life. It is very easy to sneer at a man in the position of Castelar as a sentimentalist and a "rose-water" statesman. But we doubt if any living statesman in Europe, with similar responsibilities, would have shown loftier independence or more practical sagacity. And if his Government should maintain itself against the fierce hostility which such a step as this must arouse, it must be conceded that the republic in Spain has a much fairer promise than in France.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. III.

The intelligent classes of the English seem to have set themselves resolutely to the task of teaching and helping the people, and, what is of more significance, the people have begun to help themselves. It was quite time. The picture which Mr. Kay and his associates in reform drew of the condition of the laboring classes of England twenty years ago; of the ignorance and degradation of the manufacturing towns; of the dull and helpless throng who formed the majority of the English agricultural laborers; of the immense hosts of untaught children, and the growing generations of the hopelessly depraved; of poverty such as was known in no other land, and of depths of crime to which the Continental nations were and must ever remain strangers—has not yet in all its lineaments been softened. The agricultural laborers are still worse fed, clothed, and educated than those of Germany and America; their wages scarcely maintain their families, and are often wasted at the tavern. Their children grow up in fatal ignorance, while the children of the German laborer are taught by accomplished men all the proprieties of civilized life. And it is to be feared that the new generation of the large cities is in scarcely better condition than that of the rural districts; that the philanthropic progress of the past twenty years has done little more than define the evils it was designed to cure.

All England is just now discussing the question of education, and seems willing to repair the neglect of the past by unprecedented exertions. The newspapers and the political leaders are at last united upon the principle that the government must provide education for the people, and that education shall be compulsory upon all. It is probable, too, that at its next meeting Parliament will enforce its previous legislation, and that England will no longer consent to cultivate barbarism in its midst, or leave its most useful classes in hopeless degradation. The Education Act of 1870 seems to have failed to win popular favor. It has aroused a general clamor and recrimination. Its compulsory provision is not yet effectively applied. The twenty-fifth section, now famous and odious to the ears of many Englishmen, has given birth to a throng of Church and Roman Catholic schools that are often worthless, and not seldom mischievous. Education languishes, while priests and politicians wrangle, and the people linger in barbarism because the conservatives deny them knowledge. It was not many years ago that they denied them food. The repeal of the Corn Laws was opposed by country squires and rural deans, as country clergymen and rural magnates now conspire to defeat educational reform. But the people seem at last resolved to have free education, and to force Parliament to place England in as favorable condition for mental progress as Germany and America. They will not permit the children of the farm-laborers to live in squalid ignorance while the children of Germany and Switzerland, although equally poor, are cleanly, modest, docile, and industrious.

The parties to the great contest are arrayed against each other almost as follows: The question is now upon sectarian or non-sectarian education, between a system perfectly undenominational, and one under the control of the priest. Of the leading champions of the latter must be reckoned Mr. Gladstone, whose Oxford training and scholastic tastes lead him at times into strange delusions, and who can seldom see in the future a *juventus mundi*. Yet it is supposed that the Prime Minister will not continue to oppose his own inclinations to the resolute demands of the people. Opposite in opinion to Mr. Gladstone, though in the same liberal ministry, stands Mr. Bright, the tried reformer of an earlier contest, who once won for the people free corn, and who now asks for them knowledge; and the fate of the existing ministry will probably hang upon the concurrence or the disunion of these eminent men, who are marked by different degrees of courage, and stand on different rounds of the ladder of progress. On the same side with Mr. Bright the Birmingham League issues its pamphlets and addresses, and the working-men's unions require the repeal of the twenty-fifth clause. There seems no doubt that those of the laboring class who think at all are anxious for a free and national system of instruction, are resolved that their children shall no longer remain the scoff of foreigners and the reproach of England. But, on the other hand, a panic has run through the influential classes at the notion of free education. Pantheism and deism, moral and political corruption, are supposed to be the necessary consequence of teaching children geography and mathematics; and many sincere and excellent men share in the singular delusion. All the conservatives, all the rigid Churchmen, the landed proprietors and the Tories, join in the senseless clamor against unsectarian education, and require every school to be governed by its priest. Many use the plea because they hate and fear knowledge. Others seem incapable of seeing that education may be Christian though not sectarian; that to teach cleanliness, honesty, and decency is laying the foundations of religion; that knowledge is the source of purity, and ignorance the parent of every vice. The contest rages with fresh bitterness; conservative journals and statesmen sound the perils of church and state from the inquisitive school-master, and bishops and deans concert to prove the immorality of free education; and all conspire to disappoint the people in their zeal for knowledge. In the midst of the fray Archbishop Manning joins with the conservatives in their war upon civilization, and relieves his dullest sermons by an unwonted animation when he commands his people to vote for no school commissioner who is not a Roman Catholic or a foe of non-sectarian teaching.

In the mean time the new zeal for education in England has accomplished much that is good. The London School Board during the last three years has almost relieved the great capital of the charge of being the worst educated of all Europe. Three years ago London left more than one-third of its children in total ignorance, and with no opportunity of education. There was no room for them in the school-houses. The wealthiest city of Christendom was more indifferent to education than the capitals of China and Japan. At least one hundred and fifty thousand of its children, according to the recent report of the London School Board, never entered a school, and in its close and crowded quarters were trained to vice and dedicated to sorrow. Even the existing schools were often wholly inefficient, and much of the education that was given scarcely merited the name. The School Board at once met the great mass of ignorance with singular energy. They examined the wants of the people, established eighty-seven new schools, purchased excellent building sites, used all the modern appliances of instruction. Within three years, at a moderate cost that might astonish an American educator, they have drawn in an average attendance of sixty thousand children, and hope at last to provide every child in London with the opportunities of education. The compulsory clause has been applied with success, and is already highly popular. A "Children's Aid Society" in another form has been provided by the board, to teach the waifs of the street, homeless and fatherless, some useful trade, or secure them a country home. Knowledge and discreet philanthropy are thus linked together. The commissioners avow the hope of making London the best-educated city of Europe, if it has long been the worst, and seem resolved that the birth-place of Milton and Spenser, the home of Bacon, Locke, and Mill, shall no longer be overrun by a barbarous horde to which the names of its illustrious authors are as an empty sound. The success of the London School Board will probably insure the spread of popular instruction throughout all England. Nor is it unlikely that governments in every country will at last hold it their highest duty to become the school-masters of their people.

Thus knowledge, flowing down from the Renaissance period of European history, a faint and disordered stream, swelling from Abelard to Chaucer, from Dante to Galileo, from Petrarch to Newton—nurtured in its slow progress by school-masters and poets, by Arab and Jew, by the industrial cities of Italy and the busy throngs of Bruges and Ghent—is spreading with a fresh inundation over the laboring masses of Europe. Its latest conquest is London.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Tammany Ring thieves are hotly pursued by the ministers of justice. William M. Tweed, whose conviction was announced in our last number, was sentenced on the 22d ult. to twelve years' imprisonment and an aggregate fine of $12,750 18. Immediately after the close of the Tweed case, James H. Ingersoll, one of the Court-house Commissioners, and John D. Farrington, an accomplice, were tried and convicted on charges of forging an indorsement on a false claim against the city. Ingersoll was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at Sing Sing, and Farrington eighteen months. Henry Genet, recently re-elected to the State Legislature, was also arraigned for grand larceny and obtaining a false signature. He was bailed to answer at the present term.

A dastardly attempt was made upon the life of Comptroller Green on the 26th ult. by an unknown person, who sent him a box loaded with powder and cartridges, so arranged that the drawing of the lid would explode the contents. Fortunately the officer who received the box suspected the nature of its contents, and, opening it carefully, frustrated the wicked scheme.

According to the annual report of the Bureau of Statistics concerning immigration, the number of foreigners who came here during the year ending June, 1873, was 459,803, of whom 275,792 were males and 184,011 females. This was an increase of 54,997 over the previous year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The negotiations between the United States and Spain concerning the seizure of the *Virginius* were concluded on the 29th ult., when Secretary Fish and Admiral Polo signed a protocol, the terms of which are substantially as follows:

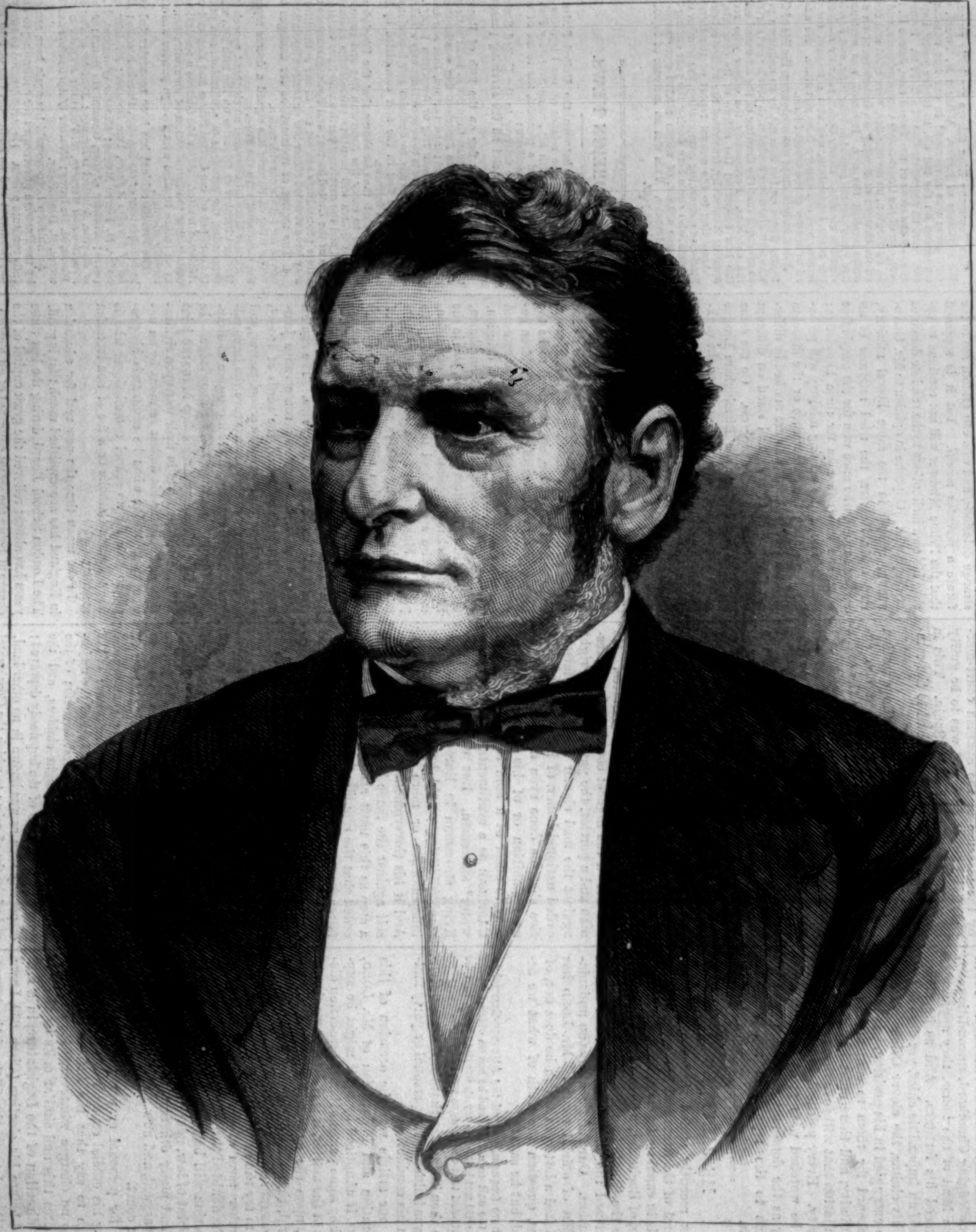
1. The immediate delivery to the United States of the ship *Virginius* and all the surviving passengers and crew.
2. A salute to our flag on the 25th of December next, unless in the mean time Spain shall satisfy the United States that the American flag was improperly borne on that vessel; and further, that she had no right to the American flag or American papers. In this event the salute is to be spontaneously withdrawn, and Spain is formally to disclaim any intentional indignity to the flag in the acts committed by Spain against the *Virginius*.
3. If it shall thus be shown that the *Virginius* had no right to carry the American flag and papers, the United States will institute proceedings against the vessel and the surviving parties who have violated the laws of the United States; and Spain guarantees to institute proceedings against any of her authorities who may have violated either law or treaty stipulations.
4. The matter of reclamations for damages is reserved for future consideration.

The King of Bavaria has signed a decree repealing the Concordat with the Pope.

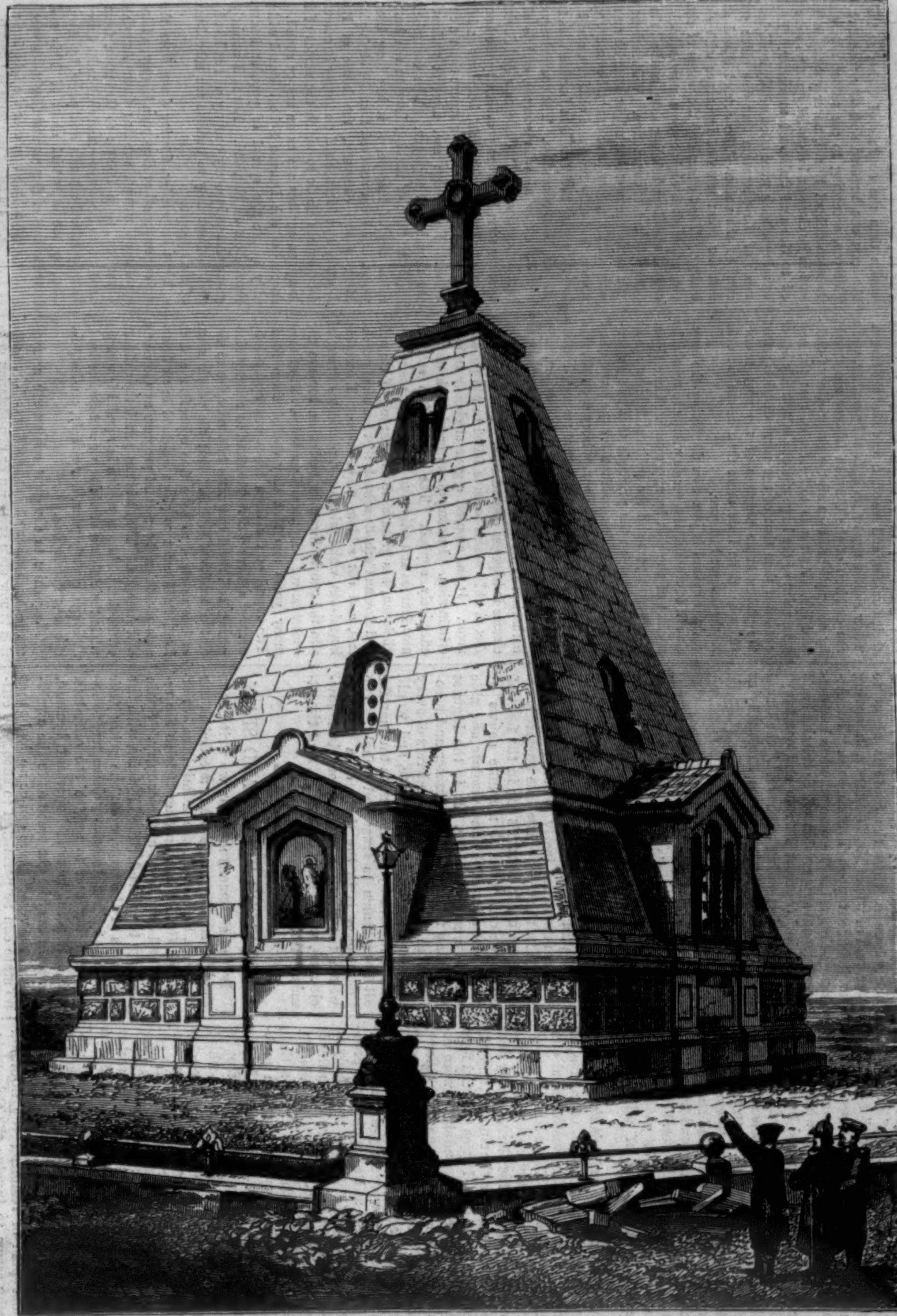
Signor Mancini delivered an eloquent speech in the Italian Chamber of Deputies on the 24th ult., warmly supporting the principle of arbitration, and praising the conduct of the United States and England in the *Alabama* matter. After the address a resolution recommending the introduction of an arbitration clause in all future treaties with foreign powers was unanimously adopted.

The French cabinet has been reconstructed as follows: *Minister of the Interior*, Duc de Broglie; *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, Duc Decazes; *Minister of Finance*, M. Pierre Magne; *Minister of Justice*, M. Depevre; *Minister of War*, General Du Barail; *Minister of Marine*, Admiral D'Hornoy; *Minister of Public Instruction and Worship*, M. Fourton; *Minister of Public Works*, M. De Larcy; *Minister of Agriculture and Commerce*, M. Deseilligny.

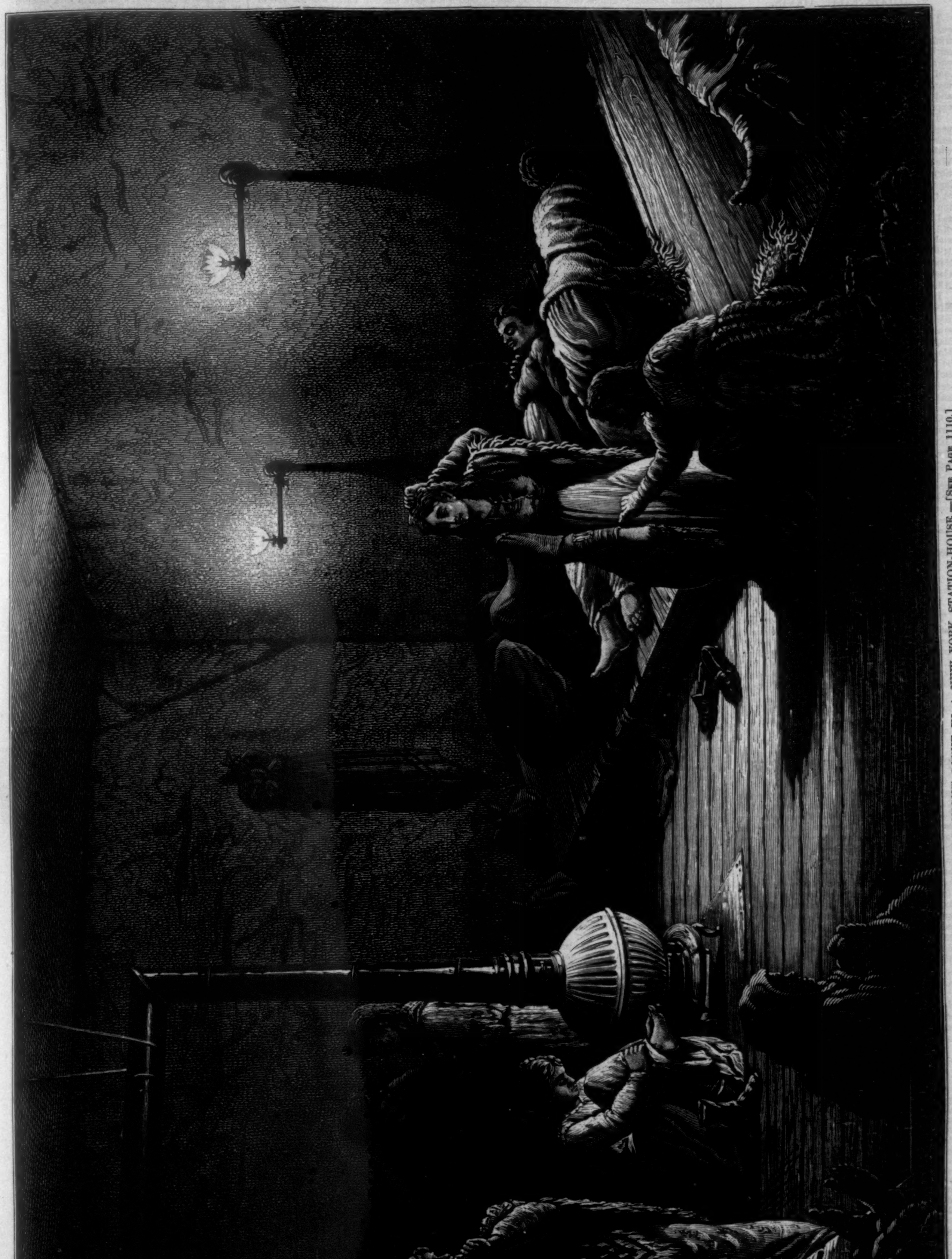
Archbishop Ledochowski has again been sentenced by the Prussian government for continuing to unlawfully institute priests. He is condemned to two years' imprisonment and an additional fine of 5400 thalers, besides being required to resign within a week. The Pope has exhorted him to firmness.



THE HON. NOAH DAVIS, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK.
Photographed by Bogardus.—[See Page 1110.]



RUSSIAN MONUMENT AT SEBASTOPOL.—[See Page 1110.]



SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS—NIGHT SCENE IN A NEW YORK STATION-HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS.

The admirable manner in which this distinguished member of the bench presided over the trial of William M. Tweed is acknowledged on every hand. His judicial fairness and impartiality under peculiarly trying circumstances, and the clearness and precision of his rulings, mark his eminent qualifications for the bench, and justify the popular estimate of his character expressed in the election of 1872.

Judge Davis, of whom we give a portrait on page 1108, was born at Haverhill, New Hampshire, September 10, 1818. In 1825 he removed with his parents to Albion, Orleans County, in Western New York, and commenced his education in the common district school of that village, afterward spending two academical terms at the Lima Seminary. He read law at Lewiston and at Black Rock, New York, was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court in the fall of 1841, and practiced at Gaines, Orleans County, and for a short time at Buffalo. In February, 1844, he formed a partnership with the Hon. Sanford E. Church, now Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and practiced law with him at Albion for about fourteen years.

In April, 1857, he was appointed by Governor King Justice of the Supreme Court for the Eighth District of this State, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Hon. James Mullett, and took his seat on the bench in May of the same year. In the fall of that year he was nominated and elected for the full term, and on its expiration he was re-elected for a second term. In the fall of 1864 Judge Davis was elected to Congress from the Rochester district, and resigned his seat on the bench.

On the 1st of January, 1869, Judge Davis formed a partnership with the Hon. Henry E. Davies and others in the practice of law in this city. He again entered Congress, taking his seat on the 4th of March of the same year, and was a member until July, 1870, when he was appointed by President Grant to the office of United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, the duties of which office he continued to discharge with signal ability till January, 1873, when he resigned to take his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of this district, to which he was elected in the fall of 1872.

RUSSIAN MONUMENT AT SEBASTOPOL.

The huge pyramid of which we give an illustration on page 1108 stands in the Russian cemetery of Sebastopol, a memorial to the 100,000 troops who fell in the defense of that city during the Crimean war. Outside are inscribed the honored names of thousands, for the repose of whose souls prayers are offered up in the interior, which is fitted up as a chapel. Over the entrance to the monument, which is 105 feet high, is a painting, in the true Greek Church style, of the Last Judgment.

SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS.

Our illustration on page 1109 will give the readers of *Harper's Weekly* a very graphic idea of the scenes that during the inclement months of the year occur every night in the police station-houses of New York. In summer homeless men, women, and children sleep any where in the open air—in the parks, along the docks, and in doorways—wherever they happen to be when night comes. But in winter they seek the shelter of the station-houses, where at least there is warmth and a dry bench. Hard as the bed may be, it is better than freezing to death in the street. The company may not be select, but it is at least quiet and orderly, as on the least sign of disturbance the offender is marched off to a cell. Many a poor mother with her child, who has walked the snowy, windy streets all day in the vain search for work or alms, seeks refuge here at night, and most pathetic scenes may often be witnessed around the friendly stove, where the poor wretched creatures crowd to warm and dry themselves. Better a thousand times than the most eloquent sermon on charity is a visit to one of these station-houses on a blustering winter's night.

PERSONAL.

Azariah C. Flagg, who died in this city on the 24th of November at the age of eighty-three, was one of the remarkable men of the time. He was one of the famous Albany "Regency" that in former days ruled the Democratic party with imperial will, and one of the ablest of them. Associated with him were Martin Van Buren, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Edwin Croswell, and a few others, who kept the Democratic party so long in the ascendency, until finally it was overcome through the persistence, the astuteness, and sagacity of Thurlow Weed and the men who acted with him and under his inspiration and guidance. He was a man of robust intellect, very courageous, strong in his political opinions and attachments, and whose personal character was beyond reproach.

—The Hon. John M. Francis, late minister of the United States in Greece, has returned to the editorial control of his paper, the Troy *Times*. His public service has been, what all who knew him knew that it would be, most efficient and intelligent, and he does not end it, but changes its form only, by returning to his chair—an event which will be gladly hailed by all who wish to see the best policy of the Republican party ably and honorably sustained. Mr. Francis is succeeded at Athens by Mr. J. Merideth Read, Jun., late consul-general at Paris—an accomplished gentleman, who, with Mr. George H. Boker at Constantinople, most worthily represents the American character as well as government in the East.

—The metal weddings—tin, silver, and golden—what pleasant reunions they are, to be sure! The most recent one that has come under our notice is that of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Husted, of Bedford, Westchester County, New York, which took place a few days since. A large company were present. Mr. Husted is seventy-three, his wife seventy-five. The exceptional incident on this pleasant occasion was that the groomsman, Mr. James Raymond, aged seventy-seven, and the bride-maid, Mrs. Richard M. Purdy, aged seventy-four, were present, as were all the children of Mr. and Mrs. Husted, viz., Miss Sarah R. Husted, aged forty-nine; Mrs. Caroline A. Eggleston, forty-five; Mr. Charles B. Husted, forty-three; General James W. Husted, forty; and Mrs. Anna M. Cox, thirty-two. General James W. Husted has for many years been a prominent man in the politics of Westchester County, and for six years past has represented the upper district of that county in the State Legislature.

—The following epigram was made when Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, was one day appointed to preach before the House of Peers:

> "'Tis well enough that Goodenough
> Before the Lords should preach;
> For sure enough they're bad enough
> He undertakes to teach."

—Dr. Döllinger, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship, was presented by the Emperor of Germany with the order of the Red Eagle of the second class, with the star. Report does not state its effect upon the doctor.

—Of the Hon. Lyman Tremain, whose fame as a lawyer has been greatly enhanced by his success in the Stokes and Tweed cases, the Albany *Journal* says that "soon after the prosecutions against the Ring were commenced he was solicited to become counsel for Tweed, and a large retainer was offered him, but that, although he was not at that time retained in behalf of the people, and had no knowledge that he would be so retained, he declined to accept the retainer, or to have any thing to do with the defense of the Ring robbers."

—Count Von Moltke, though seventy-four, is in perfect health and vigor. He has issued a touching order to the general staff, announcing the death from cholera of their comrade Colonel Von Sydow, the head of the geographical section, whose name has long stood high in the scientific world.

—The Oberlin (Ohio) *Times* is glad to recount how the Rev. Newman Hall, while visiting President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, set his boots out to be blacked, and how the president, not having a shiner-up, pulled off his coat and shined them up himself. It would have been the simple and fair return if Mr. Hall had offered his host a clean shave and a shampoo. The sequel has not yet leaked out.

—There was a polite yet mildly spiteful little conversation recently at Exeter, England, at a luncheon in connection with the re-opening of Winkleigh Church, at which Earl Portsmouth presided. The earl proposed as a toast, "The Bishop, and Clergy of all Denominations," and called on Archdeacon Woolcombe to respond, which his reverence flatly refused to do, and protested against other denominations than that of the Church of England being included in the toast. In marked contrast with the archdeacon's protest was the speech of the Attorney-General at the dinner in connection with the Ottery St. Mary plowing match on the same day. Sir John Coleridge, in proposing "The Bishop and Clergy," said it was a source of great satisfaction to him to couple with the bishop the ministers of religion generally. We lived in an age, he said, in which it was important to make the most of our agreements and the least of our differences in these matters. There were plenty of persons to sow discord and make dissensions between them. On occasions of this kind, therefore, they should thankfully recollect that if there were any differences—and in a free country there always must be on every matter of free thought very wide differences—at least there were a great many matters upon which men (whose hearts were in the right place) could heartily and sincerely agree, and upon which the proudest archbishop in the land and the humblest minister of religion, of whatever denomination, if they were in earnest in their calling, would be as one in their work.

—The highest award given to portrait photographists at the Vienna Exhibition was the medal for "good taste with mention of progress," of which only two were accorded, one to Mr. W. Kurtz, of this city, and one to the firm of Loescher & Petsch, of Berlin, Prussia. It was, we learn, at first designed to award two medals to Mr. Kurtz—that for good taste and that for progress; but it was decided by the chief director, Baron Von Schwartz, that an exhibitor could receive but one medal for one subject, and therefore to the medal for good taste was added mention of progress. As the next highest award in this department the jury accorded the *medal of progress* to fifty-three exhibitors, of whom four were Americans. The *medal of merit* for portrait photography, the third in rank, was awarded to one hundred and forty exhibitors, among whom was Mr. Howell, of this city.

—There seems to be no doubt but that Vice-President Wilson has substantially regained his health, for the Boston *Traveller* said, a few days ago, that he "dined at Young's Hotel, looking well, and enjoyed his fish dinner with a zest worthy of a well man. He considers himself a well man, and is ready for duty as presiding officer of the Senate."

—Lord Houghton, in a late address to the British Association, spoke of the venerable Harriet Martineau as "one who, from a sick-bed of twenty years, still looks out at the world of action with a mind interested in all that affects the well-being of humanity."

—John P. Hale was not more popular and successful during his political career in New Hampshire than he was esteemed in private life. His good nature, his wit, his generosity, his humanity, all combined to make him popular in society, and no doubt promoted his success in politics, where they usually count for so little. His pleasant family relations and his good-fellowship and popularity at home made him independent in public. His social characteristics were the key to the best traits of his public life, and inspired that spirited defiance of party dictation for which the antislavery sentiment owes him its greatest debt.

—Mr. Bischoffsheim, the German banker, whose name is a familiar one in New York in connection with Erie Railway affairs, and who died a few days since in Paris, was the son of poor Jewish parents, but established a banking house in Amsterdam in 1820, which he conducted for thirty years, when he removed to Paris. He amassed great wealth, and founded a music-hall, the receipts from which were to be devoted to the poor, but the enterprise failed.

—Bishop Cummins, who has declined longer to act as Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, but who seems reluctant to withdraw from the Episcopal Church, or to renounce the exercise of Episcopal authority in some form or other, was formerly a Methodist. Twenty-eight years ago he was the junior preacher of the Jefferson (West Virginia) Circuit, and was a member of the Baltimore Conference.

—In Liddon's *Words of Human Wisdom*, a book of proverbs, some of Solomon's sayings are inserted—a strange slip for a High-Churchman. An English journal says that we are indebted to Lord Russell for the remark that a proverb is "the wisdom of many and the wit of one."

—The memory of John C. Calhoun is to be honored in appropriate form by the people of South Carolina. The fund raised in that State for a memorial will be used to establish an asylum for the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, at Charleston, to be known as the Calhoun Monumental Home.

—Mr. Maurice Strakosch and M. Merelli, the European operatic magnates, have formed a combination by which vocal celebrities must content themselves to sing at lower figures, else their notes will not pass into musical circulation. Those gentlemen are lessees of the opera-houses of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the Paris Italiens, and are soon to have the San Carlo, at Naples. They have resolved to break down the extravagant prices at present demanded by opera singers, and it looks as though they might be successful.

—The Chief Justices of the United States were each of them at the date of his appointment in the full flush of manhood. John Jay was only forty-four, and held the office seven years; John Rutledge was sixty-one, and held office one year; Oliver Ellsworth was forty-four, and remained on the bench four years; John Marshall was forty-six, and filled the office thirty-four years; Roger B. Taney was fifty-nine, and presided for twenty-eight years; Salmon P. Chase was fifty-six, and held office nine years. Jay, Marshall, and Taney lived to be octogenarians, Rutledge died at sixty-one, Ellsworth at fifty-five, Chase at sixty-five. Senator Conkling, whose name is now oftenest mentioned in connection with the office, is forty-five years of age, and has quite as much reputation as a lawyer as either of the Chief Justices at the period of their appointment, and is probably a better speaker than any of them were at any period of their careers.

—Earl Dundonald, an English admiral, who was employed by Brazil in various naval affairs, in which he was successful, made a claim against the Brazilian government for $200,000, which has just been awarded to him by the American and Italian arbitrators at Lisbon. The earl died in 1866, so the cash goes to his son, the present earl, and they say he is particularly glad to get it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is well known that the velocity with which a wave moves over the surface of the ocean is, in general, dependent upon the depth of the water at the place over which it is passing at the moment. This principle enabled Professor Bache, in 1854, and more recently Professor Hilgard, of the United States Coast Survey, to determine with approximate accuracy the average depth of the Pacific Ocean in certain regions.

The earthquake which destroyed the town of Simoda, in Japan, in 1854 was accompanied by an immense sea-wave, which, sweeping over that region, was recorded on the self-registering tide-gauges at San Francisco and San Diego. This wave occupied about nine hours in crossing the Pacific Ocean from west to east; and Professor Bache deduced the mean depth of the water as somewhere between twelve and fifteen thousand feet.

The great earthquake of Arica, Peru, which occurred on the 13th of August, 1868, has been recently employed by Mr. Hilgard to make a similar series of calculations. This great sea-wave occupied eleven hours in passing from Arica to San Diego, and twenty-three hours from Arica to Sydney, Australia. Records were also made at ten other points, among which was Kodiak, Alaska. Twelve determinations of the average depth of the Pacific Ocean are thus deduced by Mr. Hilgard, which vary between six thousand and eighteen thousand feet, according to the geographical positions of the stations at which the wave was observed. Mr. Hilgard states that the superior depth of the Pacific Ocean in its eastern equatorial part, which there was otherwise good ground for believing, is made manifest, and that the depth in the northern part also seems to be less than elsewhere. It has been proposed to make use of the tide-gauge along the shores of the Mediterranean as a recorder of earthquakes, and as a means of further perfecting our knowledge as to the depth of that sea.

The various hypotheses as to the formation of comets and the groups of meteoroids, with which certain comets are intimately associated, have received somewhat further elucidation from a recent communication of Professor Kirkwood. Two theories have been broached which respectively require that the different bodies moving together in the orbit of Biela's comet have entered the solar system either as a single mass, subsequently broken up into portions, or as a group of cometary bodies. The latter hypothesis has been advocated by Kirkwood, who adduces the following facts in its support:

1. There is nothing improbable in supposing that the bodies now known as the Biela comet, or the Biela group of comets, were originally distinct and separate masses while they were moving in straight lines through space, and before their orbits were changed into ellipses, with the sun as a focus.

2. It is improbable that, had they originally been united, they would have escaped observation until the year 1845.

3. It is highly probable that the comet of 1818 is intimately related to that of Biela, and that that of 1772 belongs to the same group, if, indeed, it be not identical with that of 1818, whence it would follow that the Biela group of comets began to separate from each other long before the year 1845, when the first actual observation of their separation was made.

4. It is probable that the comet whose discovery is due to Klinkerfues and Pogson on the 2d of December, 1872, and which has by some been regarded as identical with the long-lost companion of Biela's comet, is, on the other hand, another member of the same family.

5. If we trace back the position of Biela's comet and the planet Jupiter we shall find that they were in the vicinity of each other in September, 1734. This is the most recent date previous to 1772 at which they could have been in close proximity, and Kirkwood considers it probable that the members of this cometary cluster were at that time thrown into their present elliptical orbit, and that since then the various members of the group, by collisions with each other, and possibly with meteoric streams, have become gradually separated. By assigning this as the date at which Biela's comet entered the solar system, Kirkwood explains the fact that the meteors which have been five times observed since 1798 are not recorded to have been observed previous to that date, whereas other systems of meteors connected with other cometary groups may be traced back many centuries.

Gervais reports that among some collections made in the Argentine Republic by M. Seguin there are some human bones in association with the bones of extinct mammalia. He promises soon to give a detailed account of them.

The citizens of Florence have set a worthy example to the world in having recently erected a durable memento of the immortal Galileo. Galileo stands out pre-eminently as one of the fathers of experimental philosophy. He did not create it, but he introduced a taste for it and enlarged it, and he possessed in an unusual degree the true spirit of philosophical inquiry, the ardent love of research, through which all progress is made in knowledge. The Tuscan memorial to Galileo is entirely the work of Tuscans, and is said to have been constructed at a cost of nearly $200,000. It is erected in Florence, and consists simply of a vestibule, from which opens a small rectangular hall with a semicircular tribune, in which is placed the statue of Galileo by Costoli. The interior of the hall is entirely lined with white marble, and with frescoes in admirable taste. The vestibule is also lined with frescoes, representing, among other things, Leonardo da Vinci in the presence of the Duke of Milan, and also Volta explaining his inventions to the members of the French Institute, in the presence of Napoleon and La Grange. In the hall is a fresco representing Galileo lecturing in Pisa, which is spoken of as a striking and well-conceived painting, the whole conception being noble and spirited. There is also a fresco representing a meeting of the Academy of Sciences. In the tribune, immediately around the statue of Galileo, three frescoes represent three notable events of his life. In the first he is seen intently watching the swinging of a lamp in the cathedral of Pisa; in the second we see him in the act of presenting his telescope to the Venetian Senate; in the third he appears as an old man in his house at Arcetri, dictating the geometrical demonstration of the laws of falling bodies to his disciples. On the arch above the statue, on a blue ground, are very effectively represented the astronomical discoveries of Galileo, while on the pillars of the arch bass-reliefs represent his terrestrial discoveries. Beneath the frescoes and around the statue are niches containing some of Galileo's instruments. Immediately around the statue are the busts of his most celebrated followers. There are also in the hall six cases containing old apparatus belonging to the latter part of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The memorial is altogether worthy of the man and of the fine taste of the Florentines. It is perhaps the only scientific sanctuary that exists.

Dr. Beke still continues his efforts to secure a fund for determining the position of the true Mount Sinai, which he thinks is not any where within the peninsula between the gulfs of Suez and Akaba, but in the Arabian Desert, east of the head of the latter gulf. The whole amount needed for the purpose is £500 sterling, and a considerable portion of this has been already contributed, or promised on condition of the completion of the whole.

We can form very little idea in our temperate latitude of the amount of rain which falls in various tropical regions of the world, and especially on the Isthmus of Panama. According to a recent article in the Panama *Star and Herald*, the amount of rain-fall in 1871 was about 100 inches; but in 1872 it reached the enormous quantity of 170 inches, or something over fourteen feet! The most rainy month on the isthmus is October, and the least is April. In the mountainous portion of Central America, during the month of October, the day dawns clear over the sea, but is cloudy along the tops of the distant Cordilleras, the wind blowing fresh from the southwest; but at mid-day the mountains are covered with clouds, and a pouring rain begins to be precipitated from them at 2 P.M. The waters deluge the plains, and extend to the sea-coast in a flood. The thermometer generally falls during the rain from 84° to 80°, or to 79° F. It is asserted that the rains were formerly much heavier even than now, so much so, indeed, that for the month of October the people laid in provisions and fire-wood for two weeks. It has been noticed, on parts of the isthmus, that the change from the wet to the dry season, and *vice versa*, is apt to be attended by slight earthquake shocks.

The fifth part of the illustrated work on Lepidoptera, domestic and foreign, by Mr. Herman Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has made its appearance, and, like its predecessors, justly claims a share of public patronage. As already explained, the work is in quarto, and each number contains a single plate, crowded as full as possible with figures. In the present part the illustrations relate entirely to the genus *Catocala*, of which one supposed new species is presented under the name of *C. perpleza*, from the vicinity of Brooklyn.

Mr. Strecker merits particular commendation from the fact that this work is prepared exclusively by his own hand, the illustrations being drawn on stone, printed, and colored by himself—and, if we mistake not, the type of the text is set up by him likewise—all done in the intervals of his daily labor as a mechanic. The expense of the work—fifty cents per number—is such a mere trifle that we trust he will be encouraged by a sufficient subscription list to continue it to completion, increasing the number of plates, as he promises to do, without any change in the price, should he receive the desired patronage.

Mr. William H. Dall has nearly completed his investigations into the hydrography and physical condition of the Aleutian Islands, a work intrusted to him by the Coast Survey, and returned to San Francisco on the 8th of November. During the present season he has been to the extreme western point of the Aleutian range, and, to his great surprise, found there scarcely a trace of Asiatic conditions; but, on the contrary, the difference from the eastern portion manifested itself rather in the meagreness of the fauna, and the assumption of a more arctic and even continental type, in proportion to the distance westward from Oonalaska.

The collections made by Mr. Dall relate to all departments of natural history, and will be of the utmost importance in determining the distribution of species, and the influences of physical conditions. He found that marine invertebrates disappeared, to a great extent, below 100 to 120 fathoms, leaving nothing but small globigerina mud. The tangles brought up nothing, though tried at the depth of 1100 fathoms. No fossils of any kind were found, excepting lignite.

A good many ethnological specimens were obtained by Mr. Dall, especially from the Amaknak cave previously visited by him, and which he cleared out entirely this season. He discovered two strata below those investigated last year, and the crania found in the lowest he believes to be the most ancient by far ever collected on the American coast. They appear to be typical Esquimaux in their general character. The principal labor of Mr. Dall's expedition was, of course, in the direction of hydrography, although a great deal of astronomical and magnetic work was gone through with, yielding results of very great value.

Mr. Dall expects to remain in San Francisco during the winter, and to complete his explorations next year.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Bishop Cummins has announced the intended formation of an Episcopal Church on the basis of the Prayer-Book of 1785, "set forth by the General Convention of that year, under the special guidance" of Bishop White, the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. The chief features of this prayer-book are these:

> "1. The word 'priest' does not appear in the book, and there is no countenance whatever to the errors of sacerdotalism.
>
> "2. The baptismal offices, the confirmation office, the catechism, and the order for the administration of the Lord's Supper, contain no sanction of the errors of baptismal regeneration, the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the elements of the Communion, and of a sacrifice offered by a priest in that sacred feast. These are the main features that render the Prayer-Book of 1785 a thoroughly Scriptural liturgy, such as all evangelical Christians who desire liturgical worship can use with a good conscience."

The bishop states that "the purpose of the meeting is to organize, and not to discuss the expediency of organizing." An edition of the Prayer-Book of 1785 will appear in the course of the present month. A card of disapproval from clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia has also appeared.

Mr. Beecher and his congregation have declined to accept the proposition of the Church of the Pilgrims and the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church for a Conference upon the method of administering discipline avowed and practiced by Plymouth Church. In a long and earnest address, at a church meeting on the evening of November 26, Mr. Beecher declared his society wholly independent of all others, and therefore unwilling to have its acts reviewed by other societies. The invitation to the Conference was rejected by a nearly unanimous vote of the members present.

Archbishop Picon, of Cuba, has written an exulting letter to the Spanish general commanding at Santiago on the conversion to the Catholic faith of twenty of the prisoners captured in the *Virginius*. The letter closes with this passage: "We have the honor to add the list of the offenders who, belonging to their sect, in the last moments of their lives embraced forever the Catholic religion, so that, if your Excellency should deem it proper, it may be given publicity with your sanction, to the satisfaction and joy of this Catholic community." There is not in the whole letter a single passage expressive of a sense of the inhumanity of the horrible butchery of these men. The Spanish Catholic mind is certainly peculiar.

Much interest has been excited by an article in the *Insurance Monitor* for November on the mortality of foreign missionaries. Its conclusions are drawn from the statistics of the American Board from its organization to July, 1873, and comprise the experience of one thousand missionaries. It is claimed that the statistics show a wide difference between the expected and actual death rate of missionaries. In Western Africa the death rate has been seven times greater than was expected; in Persia four times greater; in India and Southern China three times greater; in the Sandwich Islands and South Africa the death rate has been less than was anticipated. In nearly all the fields the mortality among women has been from thirty to fifty per cent. greater than among men. The fact that women go out as missionaries at an earlier age than men is thought to be one cause of their liability to early death.

Yet it would not be safe to infer that foreign missionaries are, as a class, short-lived. Some months since it was proved from the statistics of Baptist missions that their missionaries in Burmah had been exceptionally exempt from premature death. The *Christian Instructor* states that the history of the missions of the United Presbyterian Church "does not show any thing like so great a degree of mortality in the foreign work, or any such difference in the prospect of long life between the home and the foreign field, or any thing like the probability here given of early failure of health and life to the female missionary abroad. The missions of the Church have been successively in the West Indies, Syria, India, Egypt, and China. Since the first mission was projected, in 1842, when Rev. Joseph Banks was appointed, and shortly afterward proceeded to organize a mission on the island of Trinidad, the whole number of missionaries sent out to different fields has been sixty-five, viz., twenty-nine males and thirty-six females. Of the whole number of male missionaries only four have died. Of the whole number of female missionaries only six have died."

It would not be difficult to collect and collate the vital statistics of all the societies engaged in supporting Christian missions. The exact facts are worth knowing.

Dr. William Adams, after a pastorate of forty years, retires from the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church to take the chair of Sacred Rhetoric in the Union Theological Seminary of this city. His suavity, good sense, and scholarship have made him one of the men of mark in the religious circles of New York. His important connection with the Evangelical Alliance is fresh in the recollection of all; he sustained an equally important connection with the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church. The chair in the seminary to which he goes is one for which his elegant culture admirably fits him. He will himself be one of the best examples of the lessons he inculcates.

In the recent preliminary elections for the Prussian Landtag the liberals have gained decided victories over the ultramontanes. The issue, "Pope or King," was distinctly made up. Even such cities as Cologne, Paderborn, and Fulda elected liberals. The effect of the election will be to strengthen the government in its proceedings against the Papacy.

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* claims that the English bishops in their speeches in Convocation upon the practice of confession distinctly recognized and commended it, if practiced under certain limitations. The limitations are thus classified by the writer:

> If it be not "sacramental and indispensable" in the sense in which the two greater sacraments are declared to be generally necessary to salvation by the Church Catechism.—(*Archbishop of Canterbury.*)
>
> If it be not "abused" by such a "perpetual confession as is, in fact, the direction of the soul by another."—(*Bishop of Winchester.*)
>
> If it be not "habitual" confession in the sense of, or as "equivalent to, compulsory" confession.—(*Bishop of Salisbury.*)
>
> If it be not used as a "dram," but only as a "medicine."—(*Bishop of Hereford.*)
>
> If it be not administered by one who sets "himself up as a general confessor without any authority but his own."—(*Bishop of Ely.*)
>
> If it be not the "throwing off the burden of personal responsibility," and the "putting [a man's conscience] into the hands of others."—(*Bishop of London.*)

Or, on the other hand—

> If it be merely the "free intercourse between a clergyman and his penitent parishioners."—(*Archbishop of Canterbury.*)
>
> If it be the "exceptional case of a burdened and unquiet conscience."—(*Bishop of London.*)
>
> If it be "occasional, under circumstances of necessity."—(*Bishop of Salisbury.*)
>
> If it be an "optional and discretionary resort of a person with an aggrieved conscience to the pastor of his own parish."—(*Bishop of Peterborough.*)
>
> If it be "voluntary and occasional."—(*Bishop of Lichfield.*)
>
> If it be the furnishing of "earnest and awakened persons of a means of assistance which they require."—(*Bishop of Bangor.*)
>
> If it supplies a "want which is not fully met in the Church of England."—(*Bishop of St. Asaph.*)

These quotations may overstrain the language of the bishops, who were supposed, on the whole, to have condemned the petition of the 483 clergymen.

Scholars will be interested in the fate of the great libraries of the Roman convents, whose property has been recently confiscated by the Italian government. "Two convents, that of the Dominicans at S. Maria sopra Minerva and that of the Augustines at S. Agostino, have libraries of from 180,000 to 200,000 volumes, and several thousands of manuscripts. The Collegio Romano comprises 50,000, and the library of the Oratorians, which has already been made accessible to the public, about as many volumes. Forty-four more convent libraries in the town possess together 175,000 printed works and 900 manuscripts; thirty-seven in the province have 48,000 printed works and 280 manuscripts."

These collections ought to be placed where they will be accessible to scholars of every nation and creed. Claims have, however, been set up which may prevent some of the libraries from becoming public property.

The debate over the church on Ward's Island which was some time since taken by the Roman Catholics has been closed, by the passage at a recent meeting of the Commissioners of Emigration of a resolution throwing it open to all denominations. The resolution is in these words:

> "*Whereas*, The church erected upon Ward's Island has been built with the funds contributed by immigrants of all denominations; and
>
> "*Whereas*, No one denomination has therefore any right to consider said edifice as built for its own exclusive use; therefore be it
>
> "*Resolved*, That said church shall at all times be considered as a place of worship wherein all creeds shall be at liberty to hold religious services, and that suitable provisions shall be made by the Superintendent at Ward's Island for the holding of such service whenever it may appear necessary to afford more room to the worshipers than is at present allotted them upon the island."

Commissioner Stephenson stated to the board that on December 8, 1872, the church building was appropriated by the Catholic bishop without authority. If so, the resolution is a very proper rebuke of such a high-handed proceeding.

Lieutenant Steever, of the American Exploring Expedition to Palestine, has returned to the United States. Five months have been spent by the expedition in the land of Moab, east of the Jordan. The results are important. Professor Paine has completed an examination of Nebo and Pisgah. Six hundred square miles of territory have been triangulated, so that an accurate map is now possible. Inscriptions have been found and casts taken, and some ruins have also been visited. Moab has been hitherto very imperfectly known; the field is one of the most promising of all now visited by Oriental travelers.

The American Protestant Episcopal Church is represented on the continent of Europe by six organizations—at Paris, Rome, Florence, Dresden, Nice, and Geneva. The two latter are of recent origin. At Paris and Rome substantial edifices have been erected; that at Rome, a handsome structure in the Lombard-Gothic style, and capable of seating 700 persons, is nearly ready for occupancy. It is in contemplation to plant churches at other points on the Continent, and with a view to this the Bishop of Pennsylvania was appointed by the General Convention of 1871 to visit Europe, and authorized to begin new enterprises.

A letter to the Cologne *Gazette* gives an account of the progress of the Liberal Catholic movement thus far in Switzerland: "The cantons most submissive to the Vatican are Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, and next to them Zug, Fribourg, and Valais, the six which, in 1847, under the leadership of Lucerne, formed the Sonderbund, and fought hard for the Jesuits. In these cantons, indeed, there are opposing elements, but they are not sufficiently powerful to be of much avail. In the districts nearest Italy—as the Ticino and the southern part of the Grisons—the population are indifferent or apathetic, and can neither be counted upon as friends nor opponents of the Vatican. The Liberal Catholics are very active in Zurich and Basle, where Old Catholic communities have been formed, and more recently St. Gall has entered the arena, the majority of its population supporting the government of the canton in the war against Rome. This is counted a great advantage to the Old Catholic cause, as this canton is the centre of East Swiss Catholicism. The most important steps taken in the struggle are of course those adopted in Berne and Geneva, of which so much has been heard."

From Geneva Father Hyacinthe has written a letter to Bishop Mermillod, in which he proposes that the Old and the Vatican Catholics shall at least refrain from waging a bitter war against each other. To this the bishop replies that he can not and will not compromise the truth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Winter caught many people unawares—particularly in New England and in certain Western sections of the country. We had always thought the season began the first of December, but it came in good earnest the middle of November in Maine, where we chanced to be, and more than a solid foot of snow surrounded us in our temporary retreat. The frosty air had betokened its coming, and we hastened our departure; but on November 19 we drove slowly to the dépôt through unbroken roads. One could scarcely believe it was yet fall, while the horses, jingling their musical bells, plodded through the deep drifts; and we drew our wraps closer as we thought of the five months of winter in prospect for the residents of the pretty village of F——. Assured there would be no special delay on account of the snow, we took the cars for a long day's ride to Boston. Snow-plows were in requisition, but we had not traveled twenty miles when a sudden stopping of the cars heralded some disaster. Nothing worse than the baggage car off the track, and the prospect of an hour's delay in the midst of a vast expanse of snow, which was not inspiriting. Shovels and crowbars were in demand, and willing hands wielded them. In forty minutes came the welcome cry, "All right!"—and all right it continued till Boston's brick walls appeared in view. The "Hub" did not have much to boast of in the way of snow-drifts or sleigh-bells, though the air was bleak enough to satisfy a polar bear. On reaching New York there was little to mark the coming of winter, although rumors of frozen canals were agitating the public mind. Cool and crisp, yet only pleasantly bracing, is the air; but winter cometh anon. Christmas will bring its snow-drifts and barricaded streets; its "slush" or ice, its possible sleigh-rides and its probable skating—all which the young folks will endure with great equanimity.

A list of the iron-clad fleets of the European powers has been recently published abroad, and is believed to be reliable. From this it appears that of nine principal powers mentioned, Spain has the smallest number of vessels of this class, having only ten iron-clads, with 154 guns. England has for service on the high seas thirty-eight iron-clads, with 595 guns, and in her coast fleet twenty-three iron-clad vessels and floating batteries, with 102 guns. Russia has for service on the high seas nineteen iron-clads, with 154 guns, and in her coast fleet thirteen iron-clads, with 94 guns. France has a sea fleet of twenty-eight iron-clads, with 316 guns, and a coast fleet of thirty-six iron-clads, batteries, and rams, with 268 guns. Germany has a sea fleet of nine iron-clads (some of them not yet completed), with 103 guns, and a coast fleet of two iron-clads, with 7 guns. Austria has a sea fleet of eleven iron-clads, with 182 guns. Italy has a sea fleet of fifteen iron-clads, with 168 guns. Turkey has fifteen iron-clads, with 116 guns. The Netherlands have twenty-two armored vessels, with 114 guns.

The only iron-clad attached to the Spanish Cuban fleet is the *Arapiles*, which at the time of this writing is in dock under repairs at the navy-yard in Brooklyn. Of course this war vessel has attracted a great deal of attention recently from visitors to the navy-yard, although no one not connected with the ship is permitted to go on board of her. The *Zaragoza*, formerly in Cuban waters, was repaired in the Brooklyn Navy-yard not long ago, and returned to Spain. The fleetest Spanish vessel now in Cuban waters is said to be the *Tornado*.

When a person convicted of misdemeanors is by law required to be sent to the county jail of the city and county of New York, such sentence is to be carried out at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Ludlow Street Jail is a place of detention for persons arrested on civil processes until they give bail, and for persons charged with contempt of court and violation of militia laws. By an arrangement with the United States government United States prisoners are also committed there until their trial, but no other persons charged with crimes. The Tombs is a city prison, and is used for the commitment of persons charged with criminal offenses until indicted and tried or discharged. After sentence prisoners lodged in the Tombs, with the exception of murderers awaiting execution, are required to be taken as speedily as possible to the prison to which they are sentenced. There are other places of confinement in the city, as the House of Detention for witnesses who can not give bail for appearance when called; the prisons attached to the police courts, where prisoners are held while their cases are pending; and station-houses for the confinement of prisoners overnight for trial or examination in the morning. This matter of prisons was not fully understood by the friends of Mr. Tweed at the time of his sentence.

The moderate weather which came during the last week in November greatly diminished the disaster which before seemed imminent from the unexpected and early closing of the Erie Canal. A heavy snowstorm about November 18, followed by very cold weather, completely closed the canal, and a great number of boats, laden with grain, fruits, and vegetables, were frozen up. It is said that nearly 5,000,000 bushels of grain were thus stopped in their progress to market. But warm rains following within the succeeding week made a fair prospect of all the boats being released and reaching their destination.

A woman, one Mrs. Sheely, was among the bidders for a contract to grade five streets in St. Louis. She was not without some experience in the business, having, as administratrix of her husband's estate, completed an extensive piece of grading for which he was contractor.

English railways seem to be as bad as those in the United States. The *Pall Mall Budget* commences an article on "Railway Disasters in October" with the following outburst:

> "The season for killing, crushing, smothering, scalding, mutilating, and severely shaking unhappy tourists is now nearly closed, and the business men and travelers who will be compelled this month to travel through dense fogs on wet and slippery rails, in trains unprovided with fog-signals or sufficient and continuous brake-power, will take the place of the tourists. There has not been, it is true, during October such grievous loss of life, nor have so many severe personal injuries been sustained, but there has been no diminution in the number of collisions, break-downs, and other disasters from negligence in respect of bad and defective signaling, rotten material, want of punctuality, insufficient brake-power, etc. There have been about thirty-six disasters in October, which are so far noteworthy that they just escaped being terribly fatal."

In England at each railroad station a box somewhat like a letter-box is fastened up, into which travelers may put newspapers and books which they have read on their journey. These are collected and carried to hospitals and similar institutions for the use of the inmates.

The quantity of water taken from the Thames for the use of Londoners is sufficient to affect the navigation of the stream.

Another substitute is suggested for coffee, which is said to be better than chiccory. We hope it is. Grape stones or seeds, when roasted or ground, possess an aroma very much like East India coffee, and the beverage made from them, though inferior in quality, is not unlike coffee in taste. Now that there are so many destitute of employment, it is possible people enough might be found to prepare a supply of grape-seeds for the market! But in ordinary times the business must be a slow and small one. Many hotels and restaurants furnish a beverage which would be greatly improved by the admixture of something that possessed even a distant resemblance to coffee in taste.

The vagrants and low criminals of London have formed a language of their own, upon the general principle of spelling and pronouncing the substantives of a sentence backward. Thus they use *yennep* for penny, *owt-yenneps* for twopence, *erth-yenneps* for threepence, *dunop* is a pound, and *yenork* a crown. In the street, at market, or in prison, these vagrants use this language among themselves, thus keeping their natural enemy, the policeman, in ignorance of their plans. This official, however, has learned that the curious phrase "*cool the esclop*" means "look for the police."

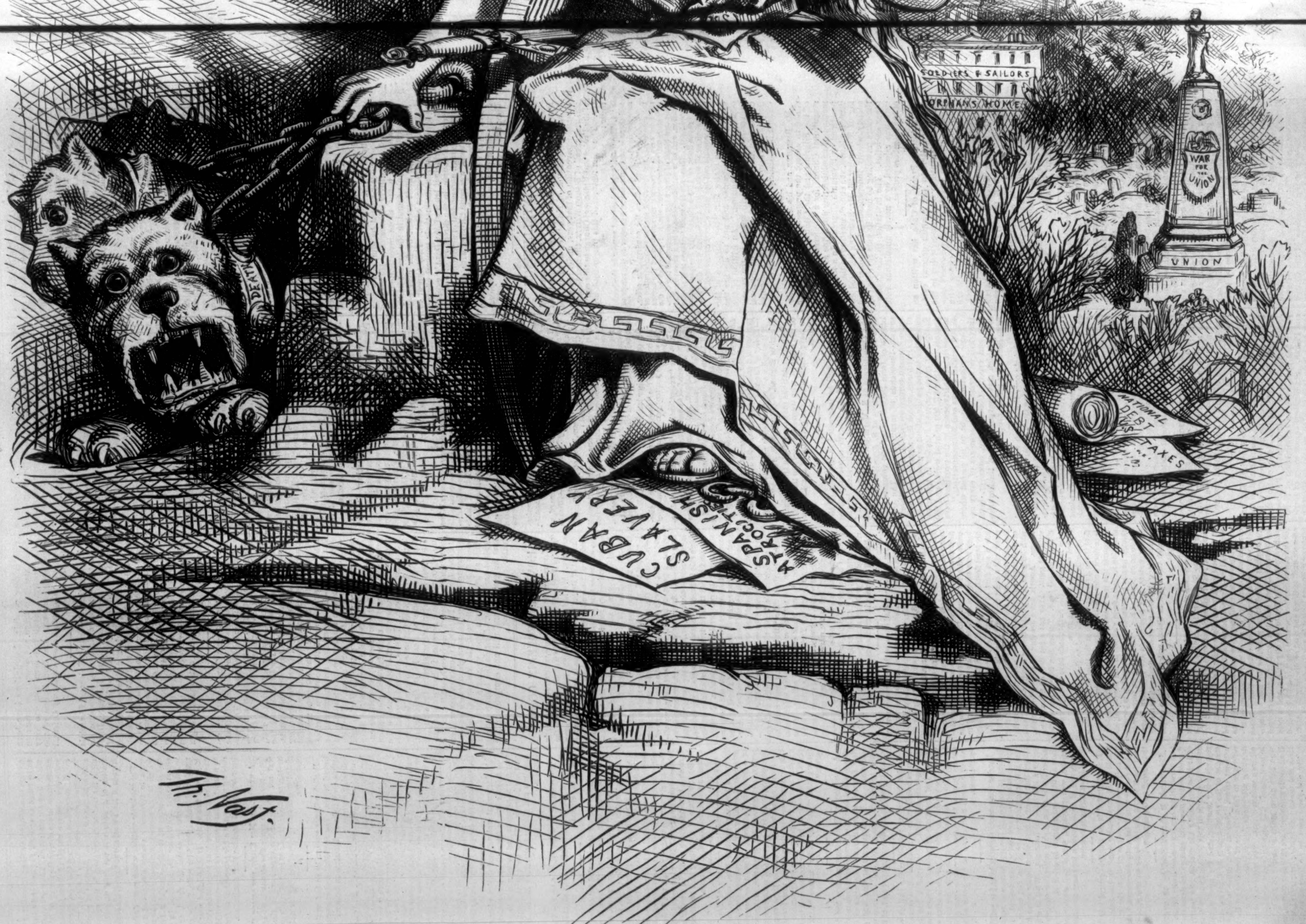
A company of British iron-masters has just purchased about twenty square miles of land in Auckland, New Zealand, which includes 8700 acres of coal and ironstone. It is calculated that this field contains about 126,000,000 tons of coal, and the iron ore is reported to yield on an average fifty per cent. of fine iron.

Vanilla beans are rubbed by the natives of South America and Mexico with cajou oil to make the surface smooth and soft. The opinion has been advanced that the cases of poisoning from the use of vanilla ice are due to this oil, which is often contaminated with a substance which acts like cantharides. Others suppose the poisoning results from small crystals of benzoic acid found in the outer skin of the vanilla bean.

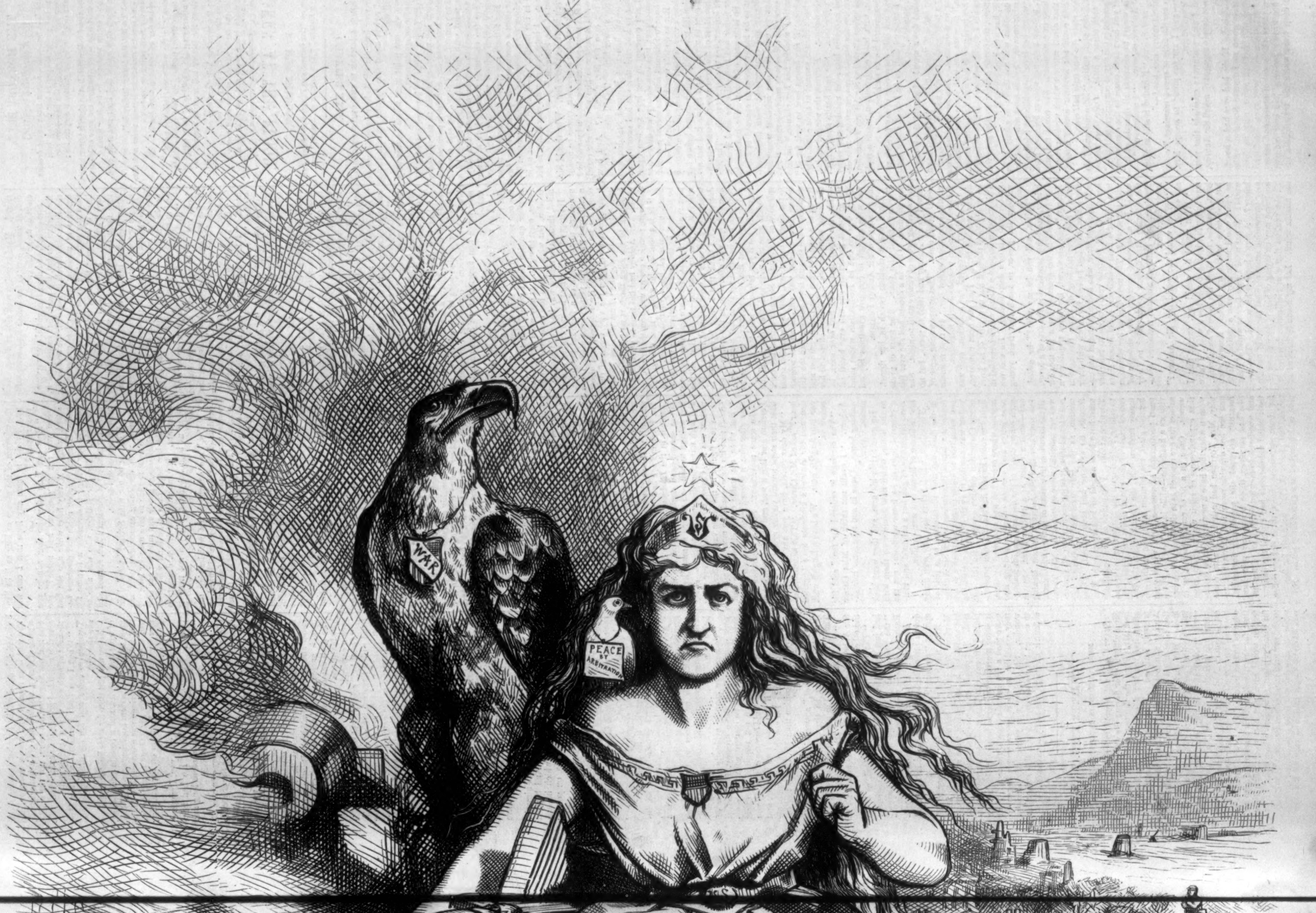
London temperance societies intend to petition Parliament to compel all licensed houses to supply their customers with tea and coffee when desired. It is said that it is so difficult to obtain tea and coffee at these houses that many a man takes liquor when he would prefer a less harmful beverage. What is sold as tea and coffee is often such a miserable compound that there is little inducement to drink it. The genuine articles, well prepared, would find customers every where, and of course have a tendency to diminish the use of intoxicating beverages.

It is suggested in an English journal that balloons would be of inestimable value in the Ashantee war, not only because by means of them the movements of the enemy would be easily discovered, but the balloon itself would doubtless be an object of superstitious dread to the savages.

Dipsomania is characterized by an ungovernable and unremitting craving for alcoholic drink. No influence seems powerful enough to deter the subject of it from indulging his desires. So fearfully is he under the control of this terrible impulse that he disregards every warning, and the most appalling instances of the consequences of drinking are wholly without effect. Medical men differ in opinion with reference to the methods of breaking off the habit of drinking spirituous liquors. Some favor a gradual, others a sudden course. The latter is best and safest in most cases. The opinion is now advanced by those who have given much attention to the subject that if alcoholic stimulants are entirely removed, and sedatives and tonics judiciously administered, with a nutritive diet, there need be no fears as to the result upon the health.


DEATH
DESTRUCTION
SOLDIERS & SAILORS
ORPHANS' HOME
WAR FOR THE UNION
UNION
NATIONAL DEBT
TAXES
CUBAN SLAVERY
SPANISH ATROCITIE
Th. Nast.

LET US THINK TWICE BEFORE WE LET LOOSE THE DOGS OF WAR.


WAR
PEACE BY ARBITRATION

THE MORNING BELL.

[See Illustration on Page 1116.]

Not the late bell which rouses from sweet dreams
Some fair young sleeper in her downy bed,
And bids her rise to spend the new-born day
'Neath folly's rule, by fashion's sceptre led;

Not the sweet bell which in the church tower hangs,
And calls with silvery tongue the hour of prayer—
Not that; for in response to its dear tones
The weary ones would find their rest from care.

Ah, no! 'tis but the heavy factory bell,
Which takes its tone from factory noise and din,
And wearily responding to its call,
Behold a day of hardship must begin!

And slowly in the well-worn, toilsome path
Go those whose paths seem ever cast in shade,
While others reap the sunshine of their toil:
By these the factory bell must be obeyed.

And so the morning bell rings ever on,
And so the weary feet obey its call,
Till o'er the earth silence at last shall come,
And death bring peace and rest alike to all.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"IN SOME, AMBITION IS THE CHIEF CONCERN."

NOT very long did Sir Aubrey keep silence as he and Sylvia stood side by side beneath those tranquil stars.

There was one point upon which he was very anxious for enlightenment.

"Your father, when he honored me with his confidence last night, appeared to me to take a very correct view of Mr. Standen's position with regard to yourself, Miss Carew," he said, coming to the point with the straightforwardness of a mind accustomed to dictate rather than to obey. "You are too charming a young lady to enter any family which refuses you respect and affection. But fathers are apt to contemplate these subjects from a common-sense point of view, forgetting how far a daughter's feelings may be involved in the matter. I—I hope it is not so in this case. I hope you go with your father in his rejection of Mr. Standen."

Sylvia's heart beat very fast. Why should Sir Aubrey ask her such a question, unless he meant to ask a still more particular question by-and-by? What could it matter to him whether she cared or did not care for Mr. Standen? And how should she answer him? To tell him the simple truth—to tell him that Edmund Standen was very dear to her, and that she had sworn to be faithful and constant in her love for him come weal, come woe: this was clearly her duty—her duty at once to Edmund and the sacred cause of truth. But to do this would be to put an end to Sir Aubrey's very evident infatuation—to destroy that splendid possibility which shone before her dazzled eyes to-night. And Sylvia had not acquired her ideas of life from a teacher who attached much importance to abstract truth. The lessons her father had instilled were hard lessons, taught in bitterness of spirit. He had taught her that to be happy meant to succeed in life—that poverty and contentment were incompatible; that to miss the one brilliant possibility which every life offers is to embrace ruin. "Every beautiful woman has her chance," he had said to her, "if she knows how to wait for it." Now Sylvia's chance seemed to have come, after very little waiting. Fortune, the winged genius, stood by her side. She had but to stretch forth her hand to detain him—yet nothing was easier than to scare the bright stranger away. She deliberated before answering Sir Aubrey's question, and then, with bold equivocation, made a reply which committed her to nothing.

"I can not help approving of my father's refusal. I have no wish to be looked down upon by Mrs. Standen."

"Looked down upon! I should think not!" cried the baronet, indignantly. "Looked down upon by a provincial banker's widow. You, who are fit to be a duchess. But never mind Mrs. Standen," he went on, with some slight hesitation; "her insolence is not worth thinking about. The question I would venture to ask is—whether Mr. Standen, the young gentleman who gave you that book, has won your affection?"

This question was too direct to admit of an equivocating answer. Sylvia must either tell the truth or wrong her lover by deliberate falsehood. Happily, neither man nor woman becomes altogether base in a moment. She could not pronounce that direct untruth which wisdom counseled. She could not forswear herself utterly. But in her reply she was only half true.

"Yes," she said, softly, "Edmund and I do care for each other a little. Only there are so many obstacles in the way of our marriage that—"

"That you have both come to the conclusion that it is wisest to abandon all thought of it," cried Sir Aubrey, eagerly. "I understand."

"No," said Sylvia, "Edmund is still anxious that I should marry him, but I—"

"You see the folly of such a marriage."

"Yes—and I am too proud to accept Mrs. Standen's sufferance."

"Then I may venture to conclude that your heart is not deeply engaged?" asked Sir Aubrey, earnestly.

Sylvia sighed. If she had ever had a heart, it was surely given to Edmund Standen. She remembered that thrilling voice, with its low, tender tones; those dark gray eyes, their fond protecting look; the sense of peace and security that her lover's presence had ever brought her; the deep trust which his trustfulness inspired. Hard to resign such gifts as these, which did, at times, even to her selfish soul, seem sufficient to make life sweet.

She sighed, and those thoughtful eyes surveyed the Italian garden, the park that surrounded it, the little old church in the dell, the undulating expanse of meadow land, no less umbrageous than the park. She knew that far beyond the limit of her gaze the land belonged to Sir Aubrey Perriam. She recalled that succinct lecture upon the extent of his wealth which her father had given her that evening. Could mortal love or truth—at best an uncertain quantity—weigh against these positive possessions? Could she for a moment hesitate, if Fortune offered her in one hand the heart of the man she loved, and in the other Perriam Place?

"And perhaps ten years hence, when my good looks are on the wane, and my temper soured by the struggles of poverty, I should discover that Edmund had grown tired of me," she thought, looking at the question in its varied aspects.

"But I love him, but I love him," urged her heart. "I love him, and I can not surrender his love."

The stars shone down on the Italian garden. Faunus and the Dryad glimmered whitely athwart orange-trees that had scented the air when Henry St. John paced those straight walks with his friend Sir Godfrey Perriam. It was a fair scene which Sylvia's enraptured eyes surveyed. Yet it was but a mess of pottage after all, against which her evil genius tempted her to barter that fairer heritage—a woman's honor.

"Tell me the truth," pleaded Sir Aubrey. "Had this Mr. Standen won your heart?"

She could not answer no, but here coquetry and equivocation came to her aid.

"We had only known each other three months when he went away," she said, "and had not met very often in that time."

"Then your heart is not engaged?"

"Not very deeply. In fact, I have hardly considered whether I have a heart. But I think I had better remind papa how late it is, Sir Aubrey. Mr. Perriam's interesting conversation may make him forget that we have an hour's walk home."

"You need not walk home. I have ordered the carriage to be ready for you at ten. Give me one more half hour, Miss Carew. There is another question that I should like to ask you—yes, even to-night. It may seem strange and sudden, but when a man has once made up his mind, there is no reason why he should hesitate."

He stopped, feeling that he had rushed almost unawares to the brink of a frightful precipice, a gulf from which, the plunge once made, there could be no retreat. He stopped, and drew breath, as it were, upon the very verge of that dire abyss. But for the runner who has rushed headlong to the edge there is no possibility of recoil. Sir Aubrey had but time to perceive his desperate position ere he was over the brink.

"Is it possible," he said, "that this girlish heart, unawakened by a youthful lover, could be touched by the deeper devotion of a man long past youth? Sylvia, there are impulses against which it is vain to contend—spells that all the wisdom of a Ulysses is weak to break from. My dearest girl, I think that I must have fallen in love with you that afternoon in the orchard; for your face has haunted me from that hour to this, and I know that life henceforward must seem barren for me if you refuse to brighten it."

Sylvia gave one wide look that took in all the splendor of Perriam. She had turned her back to the church in the dell, and the mansion stood before her, a little way off, in all its solemn grandeur—the smooth lawn shining like the still bosom of a lake between the Italian garden and the broad stone *perron*. *This* was offered to her—this, the finest house she had ever seen, by the grandest gentleman she had ever heard of. There was no one in Hedingham whose mind was wide enough to conceive greatness beyond the greatness of Sir Aubrey Perriam.

There was a choking twitch in her throat. Her eyes filled with tears. The tears of pride and triumph. Only in a dream had she ever felt this swelling sense of victory until to-night. She turned to Sir Aubrey and tried to speak, but no words would come. That overpowering sense of gratified ambition stifled her. In that moment Edmund Standen was absolutely forgotten.

Sir Aubrey perceived her agitation, and was deeply touched by it. Had she been unmoved, he would have thought her unworthy of his love. This emotion bespoke a chord which trembled in unison with his own deep feeling. He was not without the power to touch that fresh young heart.

"Sylvia, will you be my wife?" he asked, briefly, not being practiced in the arts of a lover.

"It would be too great an honor for me, Sir Aubrey," she answered, her voice trembling a little. She was thinking of those Hedingham fine ladies, who had looked her down with their cold repellent stare, who had condemned her unheard. Could Fortune really mean to raise her to a pinnacle from which she could crush them with her scorn? The mere fact of her elevation would be a supreme revenge. She thought of the homage Hedingham would offer to Lady Perriam, and Edmund Standen remained absolutely forgotten.

"What would the world say, Sir Aubrey?" she asked.

"What would the world say, except that I was happy in winning so peerless a wife. I have been, perhaps, too much the slave of social rank, but you have broken my bonds. Beauty such as yours would make any man a radical. The world! What need I care for the world if I am happy? A man's home is his world. That uneasy tormenting sense of what the world outside his home may be saying of him is the weakest of all the vanities that ever civilization inspired in the human mind. Let my home be isolated as the wigwam of the savage so long as it be happy. Sylvia, is there any hope that I can win your regard?"

"How can I do otherwise than admire you when you are so generous and noble?" she asked, softly. A very little while ago she had called Edmund Standen noble and generous because he was willing to surrender a fortune for her sake. But Sir Aubrey, who was able to make her mistress of Perriam Place, seemed still more generous and noble.

"Will you be my wife, Sylvia?" pleaded Sir Aubrey, with deepening earnestness. "I am willing to trust to time to give me your love. I do not think one so gentle and innocent can long withhold her heart from a husband who must adore her. If I can trust the future, dearest, to bring us both happiness, will you not trust it too?"

"Yes," she answered, not withdrawing the hand he clasped, but with her gaze still fixed on yonder mansion, upon whose smooth façade the shadows of the cedar branches looked like funeral plumes.

It was Perriam Place she accepted rather than Sir Aubrey.

"Better for poor Edmund than that he should make himself a pauper for my sake," she thought, as her lover's image cast a sudden gloom athwart this brilliant prospect. And for the moment she really believed that in accepting Sir Aubrey's offer she was acting generously to Edmund Standen.

And that solemn promise by the tomb of the De Bossinnys—that promise so firmly believed in by her absent lover! Lighter than thistle down weighed that sacred vow in the balance that held the wealth of Perriam, and all the pride and power that went along with it.

Sir Aubrey held that little hand in his, wondering vaguely at himself and the change in his scheme of life. He had not intended to take this desperate plunge. His plan had been to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Sylvia and her father before committing himself in any manner. And lo! it had needed but the magic of night and starshine to betray him into this foolish precipitation. He felt that he had been rash almost to madness; he felt that he was exquisitely happy.

"Sylvia," he said, gently, "if you can but give me one tithe of the love I feel for you, we ought to be the happiest couple in the west of England."

Sylvia thought that as Lady Perriam it would be impossible to be otherwise than happy.

Mr. Carew and Mr. Perriam had perambulated every walk in the Italian garden by this time, the bookworm still prosing about that wonderful Venetian edition of Horace—a book which was really the veriest dirt in the eyes of accomplished bibliopoles, but which poor Mordred deemed a treasure above price. The school-master listened patiently to the particulars of this bargain—how Mr. Perriam's eye had been caught by an advertisement in the *Bookseller*, how he had written to the second-hand dealer, and how the dealer had written to him—all related at much length, and with numerous discursive additions. Very patient was Mr. Carew, for he had an eye upon those two figures by the stone vase yonder, and he felt that his time was in no manner wasted.

But when the stable clock chimed the half hour after nine, it seemed incumbent upon him to make some movement. So he reminded Mr. Perriam how late it was, and the two gentlemen bent their steps toward yonder group.

"My dear Sylvia, have you any idea of the hour?" asked Mr. Carew. "This beautiful garden and Sir Aubrey's kindness have beguiled you into forgetfulness. We have a longish walk before us."

"The carriage is ordered for ten," said Sir Aubrey. "I could not think of Miss Carew walking home. Come in and take some refreshments, Carew."

He gave Sylvia his arm, and they went back to the house, which now shone upon them with a cheerful light in its lower windows: not the vivid brightness of gas, but a subdued and mellow radiance of lamps and wax-candles.

The saloon, which Sylvia had only seen dimly in the dusk, was now illuminated by a pair of moderator lamps, innovations which Sir Aubrey had submitted to under protest, and half a dozen yellow wax-candles in a pair of silver candelabra of the Corinthian column design. By this soft light the room looked its best, no color predominating where every hue was mellowed by time, pale grays and sombre crimsons melting into each other, doors of the darkest Spanish mahogany—such a room as a painter loves. Sylvia felt somehow that Sir Aubrey's saloon, lacking all the luxurious inventions of modern upholstery, was yet infinitely more splendid than Mrs. Toynbee's brand-new drawing-room, upon whose decoration, as the lady exultantly informed her friends, no expense had been spared. There must have been a rood of looking-glass in Mrs. Toynbee's room. Vast panels of glass from floor to ceiling, reflecting all the distracting twists and convolutions of the gilded chairs and tables, the brassy modern buhl, the French china, the Bohemian glass, the crimson satin, the mother-of-pearl photograph albums—a room which gave visitors a headache—while in the Perriam Place saloon the eye reposed as in the shade of summer woods. Once, in a fit of condescension, or in that expansiveness of spirit which seizes some women when they have a new acquisition to display, Mrs. Toynbee had asked Sylvia to come and see her drawing-room, and Sylvia had reluctantly accepted the patronizing invitation. She had surveyed those brand-new splendors, and wondered from what wild chaos of the artistic mind upholsterers had evoked the designs for those serpentine chairs, those rickety coffee tables, and plaster of Paris pedestals for flower-pots, which looked like gilded lamp-posts. Sylvia had duly admired the Toynbee drawing-room, and had been regaled with a stale macaroni and a glass of sherry, which tasted of Cayenne pepper. She had not forgotten the room, nor the condescension which had prompted its exhibition. She thought of both now with a curious smile.

"When I am Lady Perriam I will ask Mrs. Toynbee to come and see *my* drawing-room," she thought.

There was just time for some light refreshment of wine and biscuits, and a certain pound-cake, upon which the Perriam housekeeper prided herself, before the carriage was announced. There had been time too for Sir Aubrey to engage his new friends to dine at Perriam on the following Tuesday.

"Sunday is a leisure day with you, I suppose, Carew," he said, meditatively. He had been thinking that the Sabbath would seem long and dull to him if he could not see Sylvia.

"No, Sir Aubrey. I am not my own man till late in the evening I have to take the school to church."

"Dear me, yes, to be sure," said the baronet, a little startled. That school business was decidedly unpleasant. He had almost forgotten it while he was talking to Sylvia in the starlight.

He escorted his guests to the carriage, an old-fashioned lemon-colored chariot, in which his father and mother had ridden. But the vehicle, though ancient, had been carefully preserved. The drab damask lining was spotless, the cushions luxurious. Never before had Sylvia sat in such a carriage.

"Good-by," said Sir Aubrey, holding Sylvia's hand with a lingering pressure, while the coachman looked round to see how long his master meant to stand at the carriage door. "Good-by; I shall call upon your father on Monday."

The chariot drove away, and Sir Aubrey went back to the house slowly, thoughtfully. The glamour of Sylvia's presence was hardly gone from him when he awoke to the consciousness that he had done a desperate act. He did not altogether regret the step which he had taken. He was proud to think that Sylvia had accepted him. But he had a dimly doubtful feeling like that of a purchaser who has just bought something he is not very sure of wanting. The object was a bargain, perhaps, and yet the buyer might have been as well off without it.

"What will Mordred say?" he asked himself, as he went back to the saloon. And beyond Mordred was that outside world which he had affected to despise, a little while ago, on yonder terrace.

Mordred sat near one of the lamps, turning over the leaves of a quarterly, and utterly unsuspicious. He looked up as his brother came into the room, and in his mild dreamy face there was no indication of curiosity.

"A very intelligent person, that Mr. Carew," he said; "rather superior to his position."

"Rather superior! I should think so, indeed!" returned the baronet, almost testily. "Any one can see at a glance that the man is a gentleman by birth and education."

"I wonder how he comes to be a village school-master?" remarked Mordred, in a speculative tone.

"Because the man is evidently a fellow of your stamp—one of those dreamy, intellectual Sybarites who would be content with any position in which they are not required to exert themselves. What would become of you, do you suppose, Mordred, if you hadn't an income, and Perriam to live in? Do you think you could attain any higher position than Mr. Carew has secured for himself?"

"I dare say not," answered Mordred, meekly; "but it must be tiresome teaching boys. Thank Providence, I'm not obliged to do it."

"What do you think of Miss Carew?" asked Sir Aubrey, from the shelter of his arm-chair at the other end of the room.

"The young lady!" said Mordred, as if he had just remembered the fact of her existence; "the young lady who came with Mr. Carew? Rather a pleasing young person, I should think."

Pleasing! His goddess of beauty—his Madonna after Raphael—summed up in the vapid epithet "pleasing!"

After this Sir Aubrey was in no humor to tell Mordred any thing. Better, perhaps, to keep his secret till he and Sylvia were actually married. Let people be as much astonished as they pleased afterward. They could be married quietly some morning by special license, giving no one more than a few hours' notice of the fact. And they could be in Paris before people began to wonder. Sir Aubrey was particularly anxious to escape the wonderment which this somewhat eccentric marriage was likely to occasion.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. STANDEN IS INCONSISTENT.

SYLVIA said not a word to her father about Sir Aubrey's offer during the drive home. Nor had Mr. Carew the faintest suspicion that the affair had reached a crisis. He had been supremely satisfied to note the main fact that Sir Aubrey admired his daughter, and had trusted that time might ripen admiration so decided into love. But that the lord of the manor would offer his hand and fortune to this somewhat obscure maiden after having seen her only four times was something beyond Mr. Carew's wildest dream. And here the school-master may have shown himself somewhat deficient in knowledge of human nature. For to give Sir Aubrey time for the ripening of his fascination into affection would have been also to give him time for those prudent reflections which must occur to the matured mind of middle age. It was only while the glamour was upon him that Sir Aubrey was likely to forget rank and race for the sake of this new fancy. And the glamour was strongest while the fancy was newest.

Satisfied with what he deemed the steady progress of Sir Aubrey's flame, Mr. Carew forbore from questioning his daughter. They drove home almost in silence, and Sylvia left her father in the parlor with a brief good-night.

Once safe in her own little room, she flung herself beside the bed, where her wretched mother had knelt two nights before, and for the first time in her life wept a flood of passionate tears. The sense of her treason had come upon her in all its fullness during that silent homeward drive. She felt herself the basest and falsest of women. She was half inclined to think that all the splendor this earth could give would be worthless to her without Edmund. Yet, through all, she never contemplated the possibility of retracing the step which she had taken—of asking Sir Aubrey to give her back the rash promise of to-night.

No—she wept for her absent lover, and wept for her own infidelity—but she meant to be Lady Perriam all the time. Remorse gnawed her heart, but she held steadily to the new purpose of her life. She would reign in triumph over the people who had slighted her. She would win all that made life worth having.

Broken and feverish were her dreams that night, during briefest snatches of slumber. One moment her lover's reproachful face was before her, and in the next the stately front of Perriam Place. She was standing in the Italian garden, under a star-lit sky, but it was Edmund Standen, and not Sir Aubrey, who stood beside her.

She awoke from such a dream as this with an iniquitous thought. "Sir Aubrey is almost an old man. He may die before many years are over, and I may marry Edmund after all."

What pride, what happiness, to make Edmund lord of Perriam? She forgot that family estates are apt to be entailed. She fancied herself sole mistress of Sir Aubrey's lands and wealth, giving all to her first lover. And cradled by this bright dream, Sylvia sank into peaceful slumber just as the birds were beginning to sing.

She awoke in a frame of mind that was almost cheerful, though that haunting image of her jilted lover still pursued her. "After all, it was better for him:" that was the argument with which she strove to pacify the Eumenides of conscience. "He may marry Miss Rochdale," she said to herself once, but that idea was too keen a torment. She could not entertain it.

"No, he will be in no hurry to marry," she thought, "but he will live with his mother, and be a country gentleman. He is made for that. To reduce him to a clerk's position would be shameful cruelty. It would be selfishness in me to accept the sacrifice his generosity rates so lightly. And how can I doubt that our marriage would result in unhappiness? He would regret the sacrifice when it was too late. And after an absence of three months his love will have cooled a little perhaps," she reflected, with a regretful sigh. "Altogether, what has happened must be better for both of us, however dearly we may have loved each other. Papa is right. Fortune comes to a woman only once in her life. She must be worse than foolish if she rejects it."

It was Sunday. Sylvia hated Sundays. The perpetual church and Sunday-school had no charm for her. She knew the Bible history by heart, and was beyond measure weary of those Bible stories whose unsurpassable grandeur is somewhat lowered in the minds of those who hear the sacred volume droned through Sunday after Sunday by the harsh voice of school-children, in a level high-pitched bawl. And then Sunday exposed Miss Carew to some mortification from the exhibition of new gowns and bonnets on the part of young lady teachers. Those young ladies seemed to have something new every Sunday. If they could not dazzle the gaze with a new bonnet, they could generally exhibit a neck-ribbon, a pair of cuffs, a parasol, or a collar, which had been on view in Ganzlein's window a day or two before. Sylvia only saw those splendors from the outside of Ganzlein's plate-glass. For her Sunday never meant new clothes.

But to-day how different would be her feelings when those insolent Hedinghamites flounced past her in their Sabbath finery! How proudly she would return their scornful looks, strong in the thought of the new dresses that she would wear as Lady Perriam! Looked at from this point of view, her elevation seemed almost too bright a dream ever to be realized. In the face of that little Hedingham world she became altogether worldly. The Eumenides ceased to torment her with Edmund Standen's image. She thought of nothing but her triumph over Hedingham.

It was on this subject that her thoughts ran all through the morning service—the dresses she would wear, the parties she would give, her Continental tours, all those glories of rank and state which might be hers as Sir Aubrey's wife. The service, which generally seemed long to this impatient spirit, seemed brief to-day, so splendid were those visions of the future.

"I shall come to Hedingham church on Sunday mornings when I am married," she said to herself. "It is all very well to have a church of one's own, in one's own park. But I should like the Hedingham people to see my dresses."

A little thrill of remorse or compunction stirred her heart at sight of the Dean House pew, where she had been wont to see her lover's tall figure and handsome head every Sunday. Many a look had she stolen in that direction in the Sabbath days that were gone; many a tender thought had she sent toward that faithful lover; and now her love was a thing of the past. With one sudden wrench she had plucked it out of her heart. But even in the first flush of triumph her heart seemed empty without that banished love.

There sat Mrs. Standen in her accustomed seat, with Miss Rochdale at her side, both dressed with that extreme correctness which is apt to irritate the temper of less happy females who are conscious of various imperfections in their attire. Mrs. Standen's rich silk dress, Maltese lace shawl, and white bonnet with spotless plumage were provokingly new and neat-looking. Her Honiton collar was adjusted to perfection; her pale lavender gloves had not a wrinkle; even her prayer-book looked as if it had just come from the binder's hands. And Miss Rochdale's costume had the same vexatious neatness. The fresh-looking white and mauve muslin, the fashionable sash, the dainty little white tulle bonnet with mauve pansies. Sylvia locked her lips with that resolute look of hers as she thought how she would quench the modest light of those provincial toilets when she was mistress of Perriam.

"It is worth while breaking my heart to be revenged upon them all," she said to herself, as a little choking sensation came into her throat at sight of Edmund's empty place.

She was sitting by the open window after church, listlessly turning the leaves of *Werter*, and thinking how Edmund had told her that his love for her was as sudden and as strong as the passion of that unfortunate young German, when she heard the rustle of a silk gown and the click of the garden gate. She started up from her seat, feeling that something was going to happen, and with a shrewd guess as to what that something was. She had been paler than usual all that morning, but she grew paler still at the thought of what was coming.

Yes, she had not been mistaken. It was Mrs. Standen who had opened the garden gate. She was sailing up the little path, in her spreading silk dress, followed by Esther Rochdale.

Sylvia fancied there was a condescending air in their very walk. They looked like a queen and princess who had come to visit a peasant girl. Her face, ashy pale just now, flamed crimson as the door opened, and Mrs. Standen and she stood face to face.

"I saw you at the window, Miss Carew, so I didn't knock," said Edmund's mother, in a tone that had a certain stately kindness.

Esther went to the girl and took her hand, and would have kissed her had there been the faintest encouragement in Sylvia's face. But there was none. The blush died away, and left the face pale once more. Sylvia drew a chair forward for Mrs. Standen, but uttered no word of welcome.

"I thought you would like to hear our latest news of my son," said Mrs. Standen, looking keenly at that alabaster face, "but perhaps you have had a letter by the same post that brought me one from Southampton. We can hear no more till we hear from St. Thomas. Edmund will write from there before he goes on to Demerara in the intercolonial steamer."

Mrs. Standen was not displeased by that pale look in the girl's face. She had deep feeling, at any rate. And Mrs. Standen reproached herself, remembering how she had condemned this girl as shallow and frivolous.

"Yes," said Sylvia, "I had a letter from Southampton."

Dear letter! Her first love-letter! She had shed happy tears over its pages. And already she had betrayed the writer. A deep sense of guilt and shame came upon her as she stood before these two—her judges, perhaps.

"Pray sit down," said Mrs. Standen, with lofty kindness; "I came on purpose to have a talk with you. I promised Edmund that I would come and see you while he was away."

"You are too good," replied Sylvia, sitting down, and picking up *Werter*, which had fallen to the ground just now.

"You were reading when we came in," said Esther, who felt the conversation was coming to a dead-lock.

"Yes."

"I hope you have some nice Sunday books," remarked Mrs. Standen, directing a suspicious glance at *Werter*, which had not a Sabbatarian aspect.

"I hate Sunday books," replied Sylvia, frankly, "or at least most of them. I rather liked *Ecce Homo*. Edmund lent it to me a little while ago."

Mrs. Standen cast a horrified look at Esther. They had both heard of that book, and read paragraphs about it in the newspapers, and were dimly aware that it was not orthodox. And that Edmund should have lent an unorthodox book to his betrothed was enough to curdle their blood.

"I am sorry my son reads books of that kind, still more sorry that he should lend them to you," said Mrs. Standen. "I will send you some nice books to-morrow. Is that a novel in your hand?"

"It is a story," replied Sylvia, "a German story."

"Oh," said Mrs. Standen, concluding that a German story must be some harmless tale of the hobgoblin species. "That is hardly a nice book for Sunday. Edmund ought to have been more careful in providing you with really nice books."

"I had finished my education before I had the honor to make Mr. Standen's acquaintance," said Sylvia, with scornful lip. She was not going to be lectured like one of the school-children—she, the future Lady Perriam! How she could crush this domineering woman by the simple announcement of her engagement to Sir Aubrey! But she felt that any statement of that fact to-day would be premature. She had to retire from the old engagement with dignity before she acknowledged the new one.

"It is a common error for young people to think they have finished their education when they have acquired a smattering of a few subjects," Mrs. Standen said, severely. "In my time education was more solid. We learned slowly, but we learned well."

Sylvia gave a little impatient sigh. Had they come here to catechise her?

"However, I did not come to talk about education," continued Mrs. Standen, as if divining the meaning of that sigh, "I came for a little really friendly talk. I have no doubt you are aware, Miss Carew, that I have been strongly opposed to this engagement between you and Edmund."

"Yes. Mr. Standen told me so."

"A time has come, however, when I feel that further opposition would be both unkind and futile. I do not say that I revoke my decision as to the disposal of his father's fortune."

Sylvia's heart gave a sudden flutter. What was coming now?

"But," continued Mrs. Standen, "I wish to feel as kindly as possible toward the girl my son has chosen for his wife. And if time should show me that I have been altogether wrong in my ideas, I shall not be too proud to change my mind, and to make a fair division of the estate which I now think of bequeathing entirely to my daughter."

"A fair division," thought Sylvia, with supreme scorn. "That means seven hundred a year. Genteel beggary as compared with Sir Aubrey's income. And *that* only on condition that I give satisfaction to Mrs. Standen, and suffer myself to be dictated to by Mrs. Standen for the next twenty years of my life."

Sylvia's ideas of a competence had expanded since she had thought fifteen hundred a year a noble fortune.

Mr. Standen's mother thought she had made a great concession by this speech. She looked for some token of gratitude from Sylvia, but there was none. The girl sat silent for a few moments, thinking deeply. It seemed to her that the time had come in which she could creditably withdraw from an engagement which had now become embarrassing. It is rather an awkward thing to be engaged to two gentlemen at once; and even Sylvia's well-balanced mind was hardly equal to the situation.

"You are very good Mrs. Standen," she said, with wonderful self-possession, "and I am glad to find you can act more generously than I had supposed you capable of acting—after what your son told me. But do you not think that an engagement which can never give more than partial satisfaction to you—which interferes with your former plans"—with a brief glance at Esther—"and which begins in loss to Edmund, had much better be broken off?"

"What?" cried Mrs. Standen, with an incredulous look. But Sylvia went on, calmly:

"While Edmund was here his influence was strong enough to govern all my ideas. I could only see things as he saw them. But since he has been gone I have had time to think dispassionately. I told him more than once that our engagement was an unlucky one for both of us. I am very sure of it now. And so, Mrs. Standen, with many thanks for the hope which you are good enough to hold out of future clemency, I return you your son's freedom."

"Do you mean this, Miss Carew?" asked Mrs. Standen, now as pale as the girl herself. She was as angry with Sylvia for this readiness to give up her lover as for her capture of him.

"No, she does not mean it," cried Esther, impulsively. "She would not break Edmund's heart, and it is bound up in her. She loves him as he deserves to be loved. It is false pride or mistaken generosity that urges her to surrender him. She can not help loving him, when he loves her so dearly. You are too hard with her, auntie. Speak the truth, Sylvia. Confess that you love him."

"I do," answered the girl, with passionate emphasis; "but I will never marry him. I will not enter a family that despises me."

"No one despises you.—Auntie, tell her that you don't despise her."

"I should despise her if she were false to my son," said the mother, sternly. All thought of her own prejudice, her own instinct, was for the moment banished. She thought only of Edmund and the wrong done to him.

"I will not enter a family that would receive me on sufferance. I will not be the means of impoverishing the man I love."

"You will not marry an impoverished man," said Mrs. Standen. "You had better state the case correctly, Miss Carew."

"You have always chosen to think badly of me, Mrs. Standen," returned Sylvia, without flinching; "you will no doubt continue to do so, even though the decision I have arrived at is one that must cause you satisfaction. You have opposed this engagement with all your might. I now release your son from it. What more can you wish?"

"I could wish you had a better heart, Miss Carew."

"Have I a bad heart because I refuse to accept your son's sacrifice?"

"If you loved him you would think only of his happiness, which is, most unfortunately, dependent upon your caprice."

"There is no caprice in what I am doing. Poverty is a hard master, and has taught me to know the world better than your son. I am wise enough to know that he would repent his self-sacrifice by-and-by, when it would be too late. My father refused his consent to our marriage the day Edmund left. I thought him cruel and unjust then; I know better now."

"And pray what has brought you so much wisdom, Miss Carew?" said Mrs. Standen, who had risen and drawn near the door, and stood there, in a haughty attitude, ready to depart. Esther lingered by Sylvia, with a friendly hand stretched out to her now and then, as if to restrain the rash impulse that might destroy all her hopes.

"Reflection," answered Sylvia, without a blush.

"And am I to write and tell my son your heroic decision? Am I to tell him that you have chosen the very moment in which I had reconciled myself to this union for your renunciation of him?"

"You need tell him nothing," answered Sylvia, with a strangled sob; "I will write to him myself."

"Then I have nothing more to do than to wish you good-morning. My first and last visit to you is ended."

"Sylvia," cried Esther, entreatingly, "you do not mean this; you are acting from passion—from false, foolish pride. You do not know how good and true Mrs. Standen is, how well her love is worth winning, even if it must be slowly won. For your own sake—for Edmund's—unsay your rash words. You own that you love him."

"With all my heart," said Sylvia, white to the lips.

"Then you *can not* mean to give him up!"

"I do mean it. It is best and wisest for us both. I do mean it."

"Then I have done with you," said Esther, with more passion than was common to that gentle nature. "I leave you to be happy in your own way."

They left her, and Sylvia sat like a statue, staring blankly at the ground, and with those last words sounding in her ears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Jones had worried Smith with conundrums very often, and now it was Smith's turn. "Guess what I did last night," said Smith. Jones thought of sundry improbable things, and suggested the making of a speech, the doing of a kindness, the getting himself into the lock-up, and finally gave up the conundrum in despair. "Well," said Smith, in a triumphant tone, "I slept!"

"It is a waste of valor for us to do battle," said a lame ostrich to a negro who had suddenly come upon her in the desert; "let us cast lots to see who shall be considered the victor, and then go about our business!" To this proposition the negro readily assented. They cast lots: the negro cast lots of stones, and the ostrich cast lots of feathers. Then the former went about his business, which consisted in skinning the bird.

"Waiter, where does this hotel buy its beef?" inquired a railway passenger the other day, as he ceased sawing on a piece of sole-leather steak. "Of Mr. Jones, Sir," responded the waiter. "Jones? Oh! I knew him in Troy, years ago: very eccentric man, that Jones. He always made it his leading object in life to kill nothing in the shape of a beef that wasn't five hundred years old." The waiter reflected a moment, and then went after a piece nearer the ribs.

A new style of boys' trowsers has been invented in Boston, with a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down the seams, and water-proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

A Volume that will bring Tears to your Eyes—A volume of smoke.

Two neighbors had a long and envenomed litigation about a small spring, which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said, "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!" The roar of laughter which followed proved that the entire audience saw the point.

The Light of other Days—The rush-light.

A learned but rather long-winded minister, being asked if he did not feel tired after preaching such long sermons, answered, "Na, na; I'm no tired;" to which he added, however, with much pawkie naiveté, "but losh me! hoo tired the folks are whiles!"

A strong-minded woman in Detroit made the following gentle reply to a politician who had called at her house to get her husband to go to the polls and vote: "No, Sir, he can't go! He's washing now, and he's going to iron to-morrow; and if he wasn't doing any thing he couldn't go. I run this 'ere house, I do; and if any one votes it'll be this same Mary Jane."

Why is a beggar like a lawyer?—Because he's a solicitor.

A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages. The case was sent from court to court. Time was wasted, temper soured, and temper lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last we heard of the transaction was that the man who gained the cause went to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs. Then, houseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets and triumphantly exclaimed, "I've beat him!"

"Och!" said a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!"

Mr. H—— resides in Fourth Street, New York. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought home the silk dress, and unluckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door. "Is madam within?" asked the Frenchman. "And suppose she is, what do you want with her?" "I am dyeing for her, Sare." "You dying for my wife! Get out of my house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest artisan into the street as the lady made her appearance, and set the matter to rights.

The greatest Bet that was ever made—The alphabet.

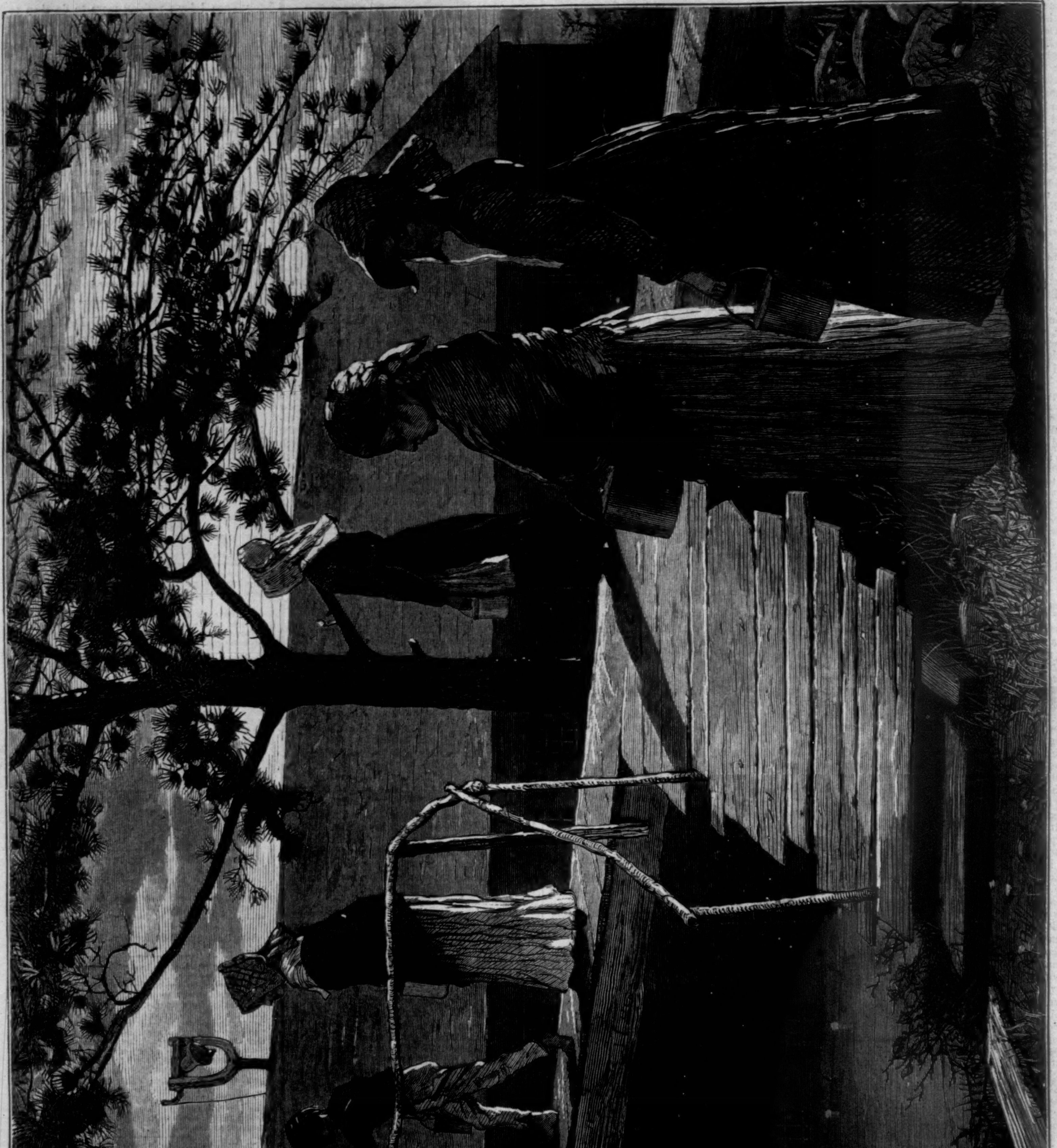
Wanted, a pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.

A welcome Ship at any Time—Friendship.

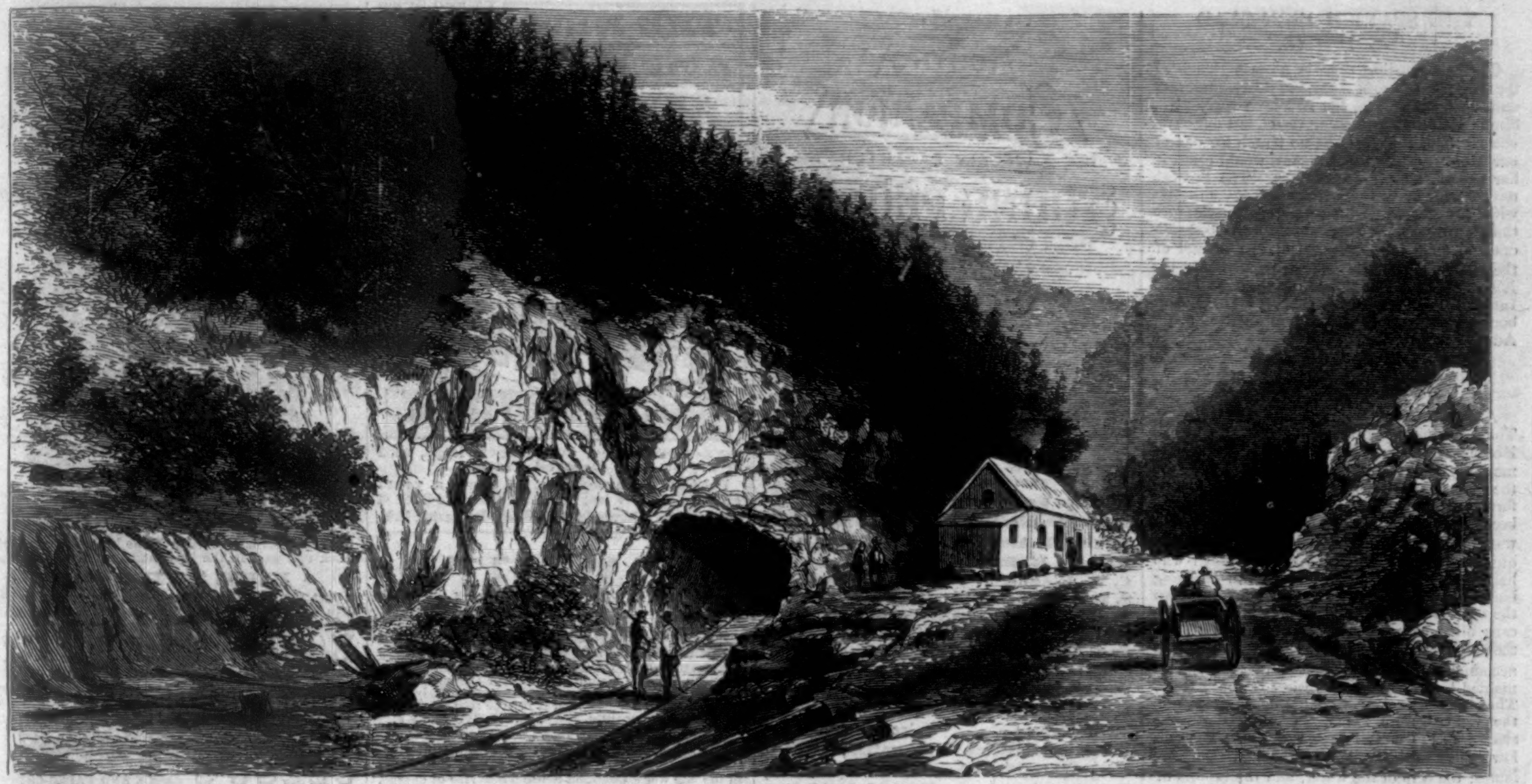
An eloquent country editor thus describes a new organ: "The swell died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

The nicest Thing in Boots—A pretty foot.

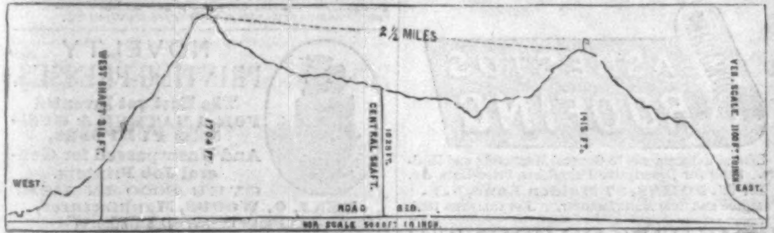
On returning to his family, after an absence of some weeks, Captain Johnson had been driven from Kingstown to Dublin by a carman, who, looking discontentedly at the fare paid him, said, "Shure your honor will give a trifle more than this?" "Not a rap," said the captain. "Bad luck to me but you would," persisted Paddy, "if you knew all, then." "What do you mean?" asked Johnson, anxiously. "Faix, that's tellin', anyway; and it's only for my fare I'm to tell my news." "Well, well," said the captain, "here's another shilling. Now what has happened?" "Sorra the harm at all," replied Pat, "only I thought you'd not begrudge a little extra some'at to know that I druv ye the last three miles without a linchpin."



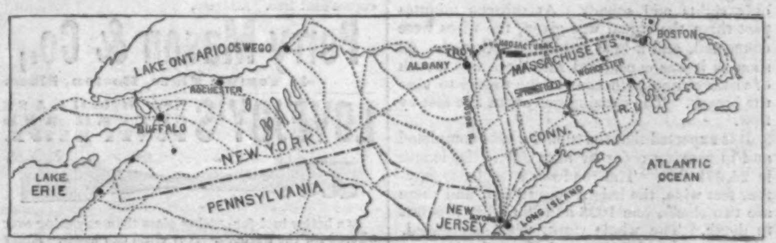
THE MORNING BELL.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Poem on Page 1114.]



THE WESTERN ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL.


2½ MILES
WEST SHAFT 318 FT.
1704 FT.
CENTRAL SHAFT.
1028 FT.
1415 FT.
VER. SCALE 1100 FT. TO INCH
WEST.
EAST.
ROAD BED.
HOR. SCALE 5000 FT. TO INCH.

PROFILE OF HOOSAC MOUNTAIN.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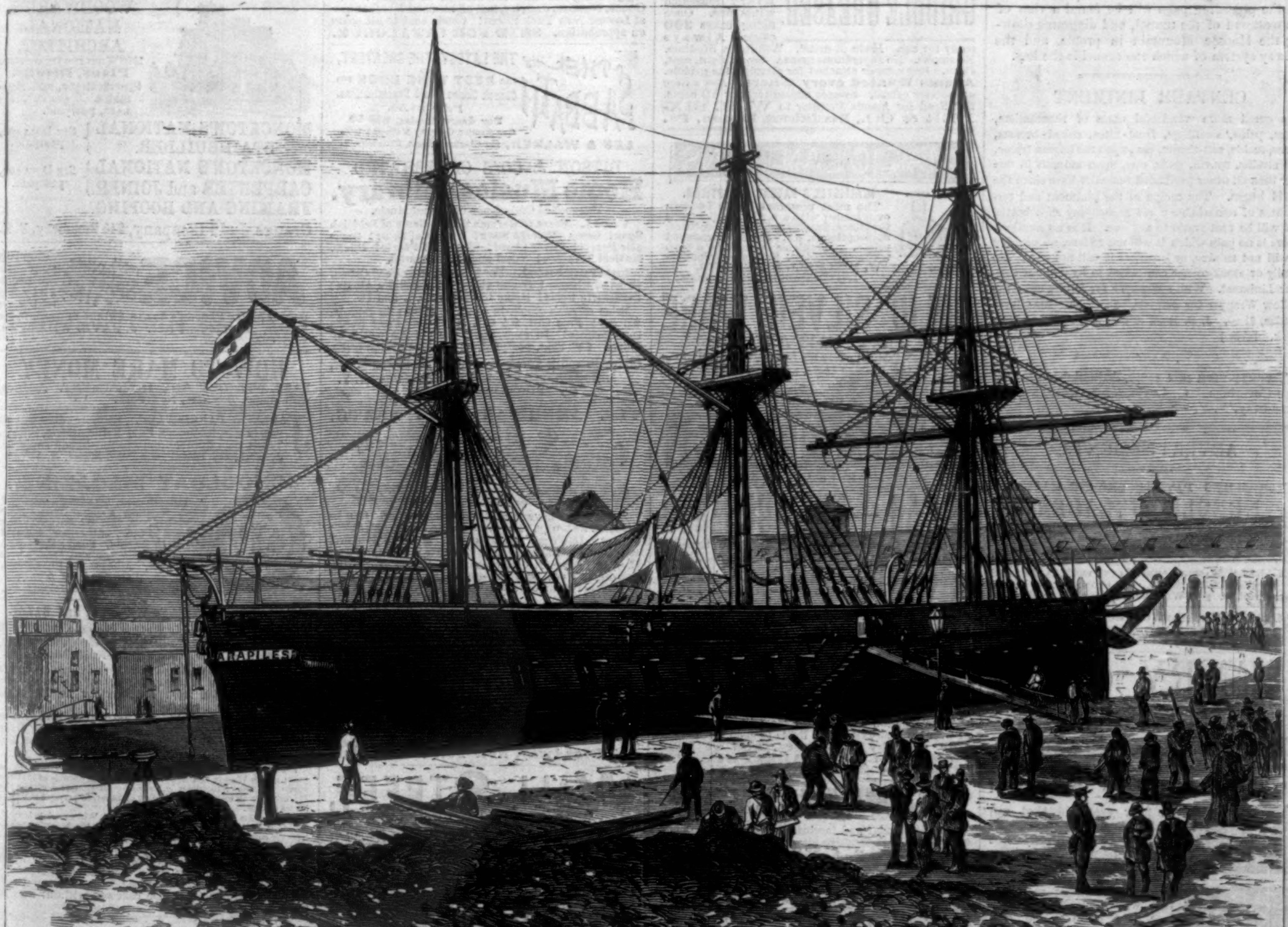
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NEW JERSEY
NEW YORK
LONG ISLAND

MAP OF RAILWAY SYSTEM—FROM THE LAKES TO THE SEA-BOARD.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.—[SEE PAGE 1118.]



THE SPANISH IRON-CLAD "ARAPILES," IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1118.]

THE SPANISH IRON-CLAD "ARAPILES."

ON the preceding page is given a sketch of the Spanish iron-clad *Arapiles*, thirty guns, now undergoing repairs in the Brooklyn Navy-yard. She is a formidable-looking vessel, but our naval officers think she would be no match for one of our Monitors, whose heavy guns would crash in her plated sides like egg-shells. The Spanish navy a year or two ago comprised 120 steamers with 787 guns, and three sailing vessels with thirty-two guns. It was manned by 14,000 sailors and 5000 marines. Since then several of their most formidable iron-clads, including the *Numancia* and the *Tetuan*, were seized by the Intransigentes, and are now blockaded in the harbor of Cartagena by the republican fleet under Admiral LOBO.

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon of Thanksgiving-day the last rock barrier in the Hoosac Tunnel was penetrated and partially removed, giving an uninterrupted passage through the mountain from side to side. There was no formal ceremony at the opening, nor had there been any public announcement that the event was to take place; the gathering was consequently quite small. The old workman who had faced death a thousand times in charging blast-holes with nitro-glycerine was sent down the central shaft at half past one with his long cans filled with the explosive material. This, the most hazardous part of the undertaking, being accomplished, word was sent up that nothing remained but to connect the wires of the battery. The cage was packed full half a dozen times, and the visitors were speedily dropped down the shaft into the dismal regions below. The hollow echoes of the walls, the dim and flickering lamps, the drip of the water, and the reports of occasional explosions where the workmen were engaged in trimming east of the shaft, were the only sights and sounds. At thirteen minutes past three the signal was given, the wires were connected, and a loud explosion followed. As soon as it was considered safe there was a rush of visitors from both ends of the tunnel to view the breach. The opening was about five feet by four.

It is expected that the tunnel will be completed and in running order by next July. Its length is 25,031 feet. The roadway is to be twenty-four feet wide, the height twenty feet, and there are two shafts, one 1028 and the other 318 feet in depth. The whole work, when completed, will have cost the State of Massachusetts upward of twelve millions of dollars. It will be the second largest tunnel in the world. The Mont Cenis Tunnel is seven miles in length; the Hoosac is about four and three-quarter miles. On the preceding page will be found a view of the west end of the tunnel, and diagrams showing the Hoosac Mountain in profile, and the railway system of which the tunnel is the key.

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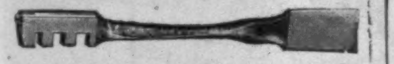

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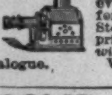

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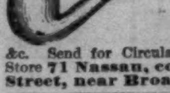

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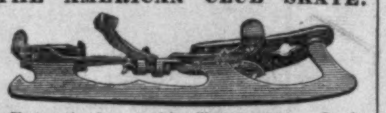

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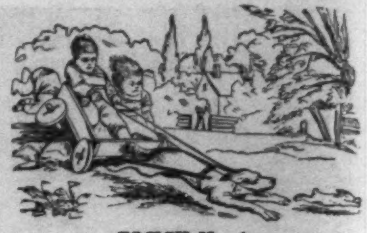

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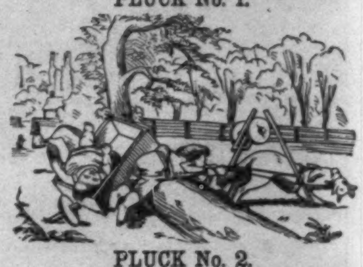

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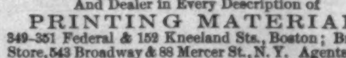

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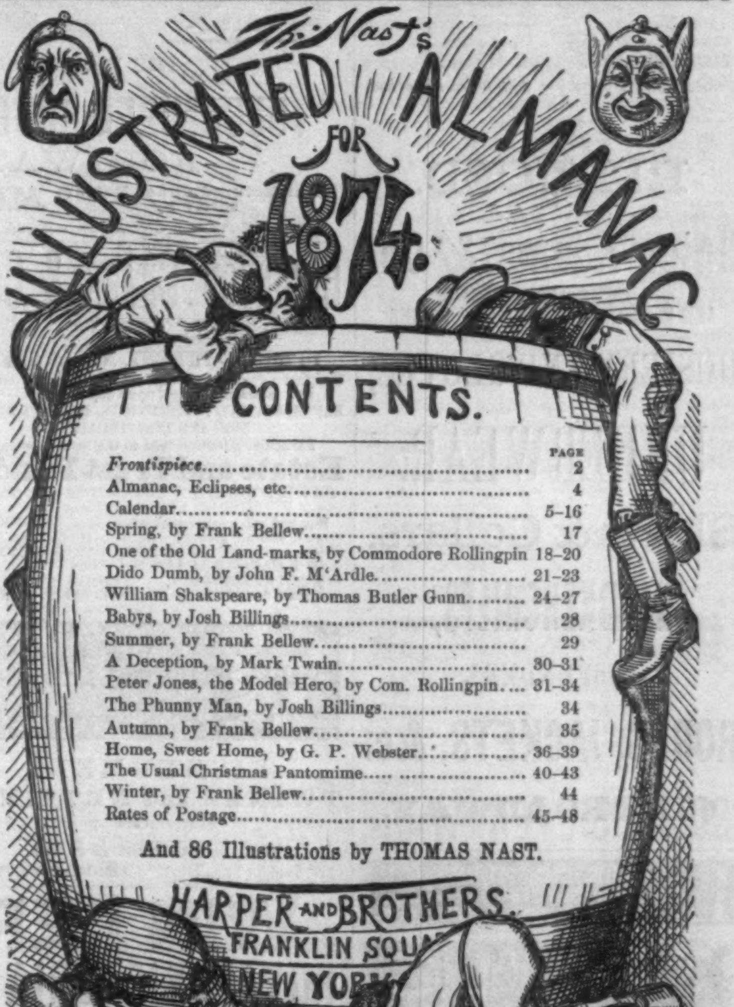

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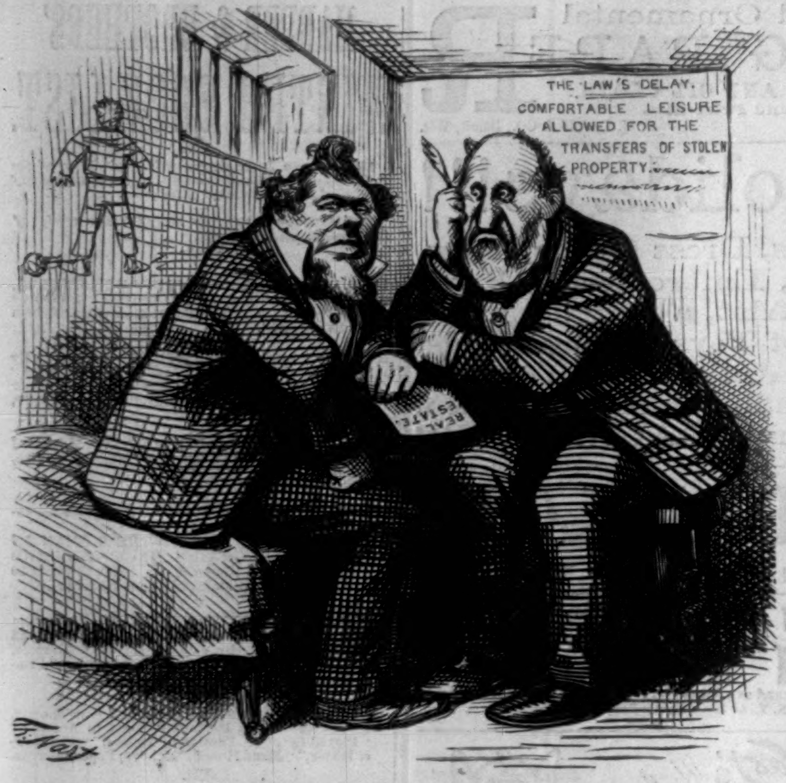
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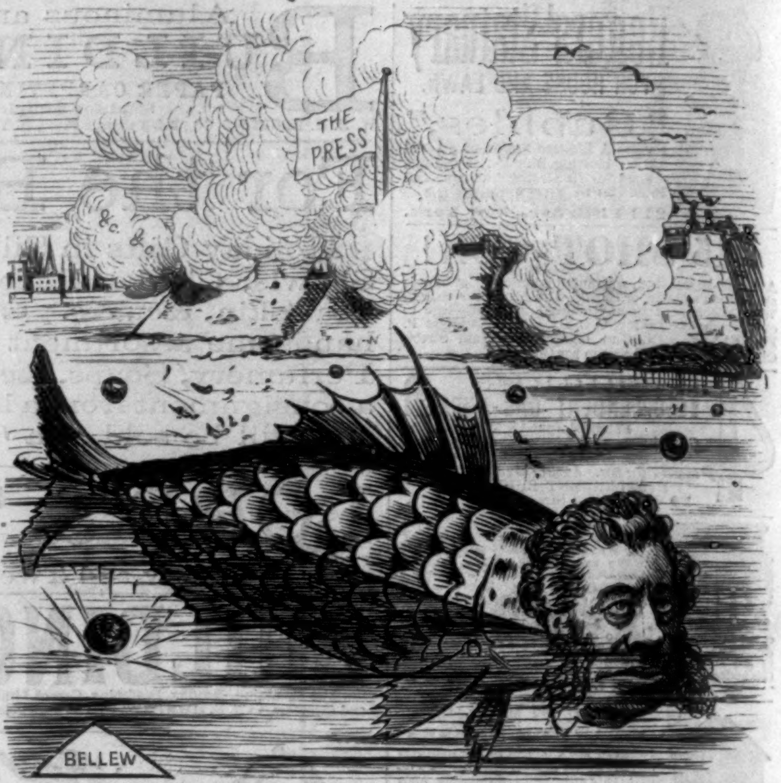

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[Continued from No. 884, Page 1101.]

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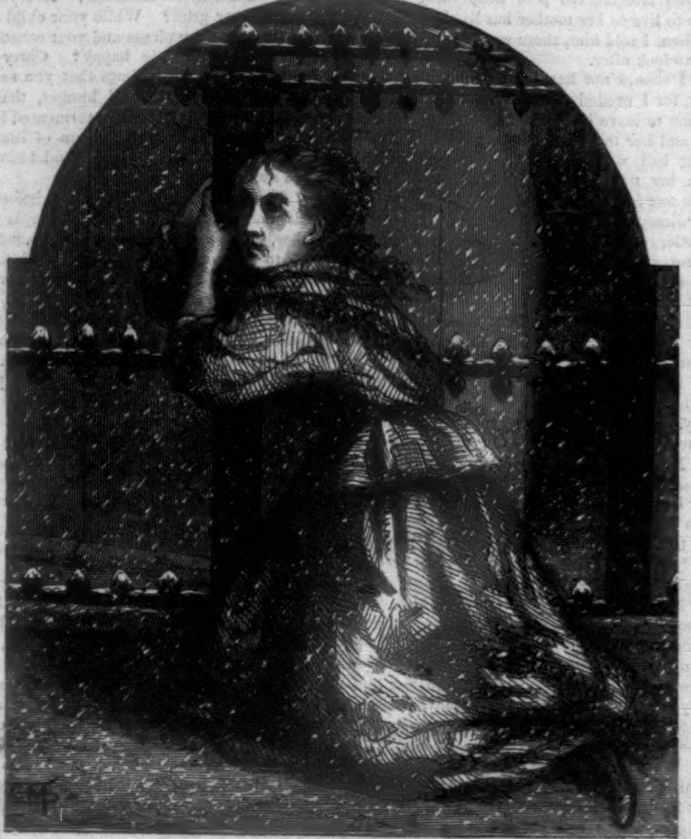
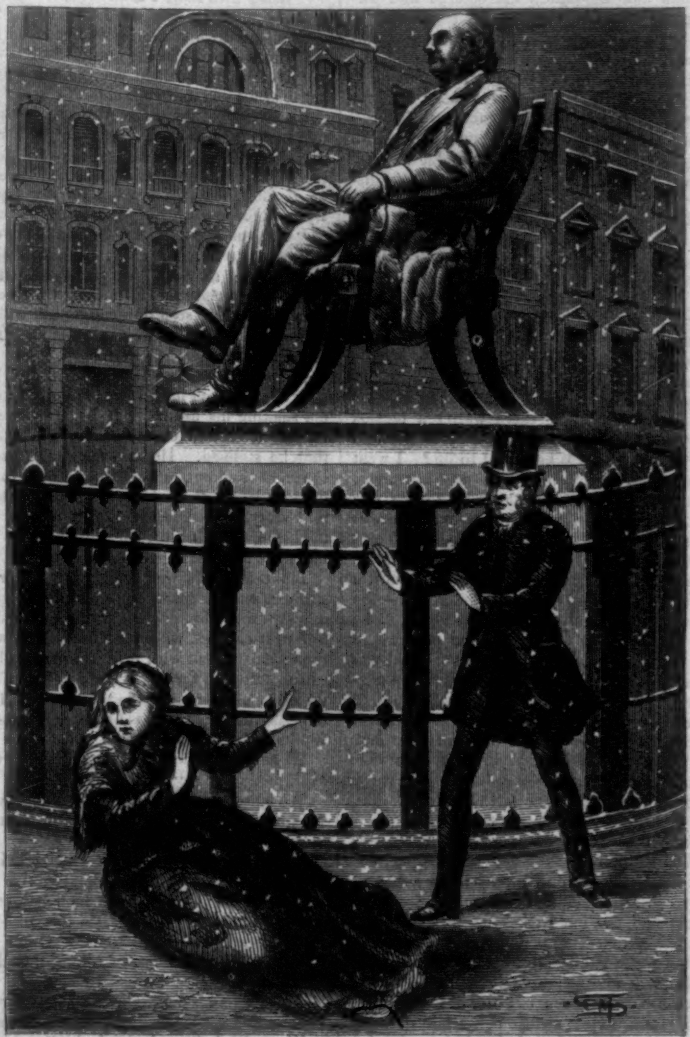


"I LEFT HER CLINGING TO THE RAILS."



"OH, IF I COULD DIE THIS MINUTE, AND TAKE MY CHILD WITH ME!"

IX.

OPEN YOUR EYES, BABY! SPEAK TO ME! LOOK AT MOTHER, MY LIFE!

I looked in vain from my pulpit on the following Sabbath for Tom Beadle and Blade-o'-Grass, but they were not in church. I had introduced into my discourse on that day certain words applicable to the beauty and holiness of the marriage tie—words which I had designed especially for those two humblest members of my congregation, and which I had hoped they would have understood and appreciated. It pained me not to see them, and I was sure that some special circumstance had prevented Blade-o'-Grass at least from attending. I had promised to take a cup of tea with Ruth and her husband after the evening service, and if any thing could have made me forget for the time the sorrow which oppressed me, it would have been the peaceful happiness which pervaded their bright and modest home. But the image of Blade-o'-Grass was too strongly fixed in my mind to be forgotten, and in the course of the evening my fancy placed that image by the side of Ruth, as the latter, with all a mother's love in her face, sat rocking the cradle with her foot. It was a terrible contrast, and I strove to banish the fancy; but it refused to leave my mind's eye. Let me, I thought, strive, at all events, to give it a more pleasing coloring. Ruth was dressed in a brown stuff-gown, and she had a piece of pink ribbon round her neck; she wore dainty white collar and cuffs, and her hair was done up in a simple knot. Merely to look at her as she sat rocking the cradle in which her baby was sleeping created that Home feeling to which all the humanizing influences of life are due. In my fancy now I gave Blade-o'-Grass such a dress and such cuffs and collar; I placed the piece of ribbon round her neck, and arranged her hair in similar fashion; and then I placed her by the side of Ruth. It was wonderful; they were of the same height, and the color of their hair and eyes was the same. But the look of peaceful happiness which dwelt in the face of Ruth was wanting in the face of Blade-o'-Grass. I gave the poor girl this; I banished the anxiety and sorrow from her face, and the likeness was perfect. As I gazed upon the picture, half real, half ideal, the sound of Ruth singing softly to her baby stole upon my ear, and the little tricks and turns of the voice which Nature varies in her myriad children with such marvelous skill as to make each distinctive in itself, or assimilative only where ties of blood exist, brought to me the voice of Blade-o'-Grass speaking to *her* child. I started to my feet to dispel the illusion, and bade Ruth and Charley good-night, for fear I might be tempted to disturb their happiness by even a mention of my thought.

It was a wintry night, and the snow was falling. I had other visits to make in pursuance of my duties, and it was quite eleven o'clock by the time I had completed my rounds. At that hour I was crossing the wonderful piece of road which connects the Mansion House with the Royal Exchange, and I bustled along briskly to keep myself warm. I was in the open space in front of the Royal Exchange, and I was walking toward Leadenhall Street, when a woman hurriedly approached me from that direction. She came almost abruptly to my side, and with a reckless movement of her body, in which every limb seemed to take its part, was about to accost me, when, as I turned my face toward hers, she uttered a suppressed cry of terror, and flew round the corner which leads to Threadneedle Street. I had not seen the woman's face, but the cry told me who she was. Shocked and surprised, I ran after her, and, in her endeavor to escape me, the poor wandering soul fell upon the ground at the foot of the statue of one of America's greatest philanthropists. Even in that moment of trouble the coincidence struck me as singular, and in the fleeting glance of admiration I cast upon the statue the thought flashed upon me that it would have been more charitable, and would have shown more true benevolence, had the vast sums the philanthropist gave to the poor of London been expended less after the fashion of a commercial speculation. That the merciful intentions of the testator—whose kind heart must have been filled with pity for the unmerited sufferings of the poor, and with a desire to relieve them—have been made to miss their mark by the manner in which the trust has been administered there is, in my mind, not a shadow of a doubt.

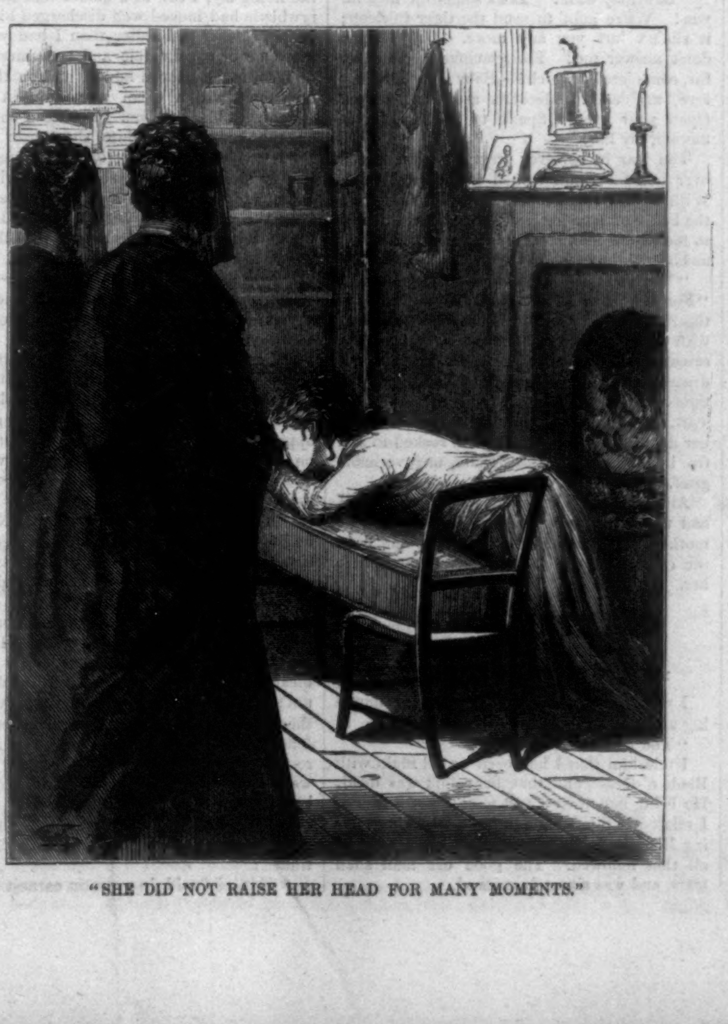
"Blade-o'-Grass!" I exclaimed, pityingly; and I stooped to raise the writhing form at my feet.

But she shrank from me and repulsed me with her hands, and bade me, in a desperate voice, to go, for the Lord's sake, and leave her to herself.

"Nay, dear child," I said, "I can not leave you. Tell me what brings you out on such a night as this."

"Don't arks me!" she cried, with a wild movement of her hands. "Oh, my God! don't arks me. Oh, if I could die this minute, and take my child with me! Oh, if we could die together, the pair on us!"

She looked up to the dreary sky with a face as white as the falling snow. Never in my life had I witnessed such passion, such utter prostration of soul, and my heart bled for her—and bled the more as I observed her scanty clothing and the miserable coverings she wore on her feet. And then there came to me again the fancies I had raised concerning Blade-o'-Grass but a couple of hours ago in Ruth's cheerful room. The reality was before me in all its naked truth. What a reality! Stone-deaf, blind, dumb, and utterly senseless to stern preaching and mild exhortation; to the torrent of words which comfortably good creatures listen to from lip-philanthropists who, by some strange mental jugglery, really believe that they are doing good; to the raising of voices calling upon the fallen to turn and repent; to statistics which prove so much and do so little. Only to be affected, only to be sensibly touched, only to be altered for the better by the angelic wand of practical benevolence, which sees, pities, and at once wisely relieves. I knew and recognized that it was from no fault of hers that this poor girl had fallen so low. *Had* fallen! no; she was born fallen, and had been kept so. There was no road open for her to traverse which would lead to pleasanter paths. Gardens and fair places she had seen, doubtless, and her soul must have yearned to them with sickening desire, but they were on far-off hills, and the gates that led to them were shut for such as she. As she lay before me now, looking upward to the sky, no fair places shone for her. Every principle of goodness, the exercise of which brings us present peace and future bliss, seemed to point at her in bitter mockery. The reward that waits on worthy endeavor—how could she hope to win it? The blessing that attends on a pure life—how could she hope to gain it?



"SHE DID NOT RAISE HER HEAD FOR MANY MOMENTS."

Despair and desolation surrounded and encompassed her. What words I used to comfort her I do not remember; but I know that two-quarters of the hour had chimed from the solemn bells—doubly solemn in my ears at this momentous time, and in hers also, for when they struck we both paused to listen—before she grew calmer and could speak with coherence; and then only was I able to draw from her lips an explanation of her terrible distress.

Her child was perilously ill. She had spent the money I gave her for the doctor, as I had directed. She thought her dear was a little better after the first visit, but the doctor had told her yesterday the child must have nourishing food, or he could give no hopes for it. What kind of nourishing food? she had asked. A little port-wine, arrowroot, and jelly, was the answer. She repeated these last words bitterly. "Threepence-ha'-penny was all that we 'ad in the place, and there warn't a blessed thing in the room that we could ha' raised fourpence upon. What *was* I to do? I went on so about it to Tom that he said last night, 'Keep up your pluck, old gal; I'll go and make a rise.'" Nerved to daring deeds, as I understood, and determined to get money somehow, Tom Beadle left Blade-o'-Grass with a kiss. "And I've never set eyes on 'im since!" There was but one inference—the usual one—to be drawn from his absence: he had been taken up again by the police. In the mean time the condition of the child was growing more perilous every hour. "She never complained once, Sir; if she'd ha' cried, it 'd ha' been a relief to me, I think, but she never opened 'er lips, the pretty dear; and there she's been a-layin' all the day, with 'er eyes wide open, *lookin' at somethin' I couldn't see!* When it got dark, Sir, I 'adn't a farthin' in my pocket, and there wasn't a bit o' bread nor a drop o' milk in the cupboard. And all the while I kep' on thinkin' that my dear was a-dyin', and that if I could get 'er a little jelly or a cup of arrerroot, she would git better. It drove me a'most mad, Sir, but I tried to keep up my 'eart by thinkin' that Tom per'aps 'd come in directly, and make it all right. I 'ad a little bit o' candle left, and I lighted it, so that I might watch my dear's face; but it only lasted about a hour, and then it went out. I laid down by my dear's side, and took 'er in my arms to warm 'er; she never spoke or moved, Sir; 'er 'eart beat, that was all. I felt 'er eyes with my fingers, and they was still wide open. I began to git frightened. What was it my dear was a-starin' at, and could she see it even in the dark? Well, Sir, I laid so for a long time, until I fell asleep. 'Ow long I slep', Sir, I can't tell, but when I woke up, my dear was moanin'—not cryin', Sir, but moanin'. I tried to coax 'er to speak to me, but she didn't seem to know that 'er poor mother was by 'er side, and she never answered a word, but went on moanin'. Oh, Sir! as I laid there in the dark listenin' to my dear, I thought I should ha' gone out of my mind! And then 'er poor 'ands—they're nothink but skin and bone, Sir!—begun to wander about, and it seemed to me that she was searchin' and arksin' for somethin' to eat. What could I do, Sir? what *could* I do? I run out to Mr. Wirtue's, but 'is place was shut; per'aps he'd ha' given me somethink, but I couldn't find 'im. Then I went back to my dear, and stood in the dark, fightin' with myself, and with sich thoughts comin' over me as made me 'ot and cold. I daren't tell you what they was, Sir—I 'ardly know myself, but I feel that to be dead's better than them! And in the middle of it all my dear's voice changed, and I knew that the tiger was tearin' at 'er. It was tearin' at me, too, and, with the fear of my dear's death starin' me in the face, I run out of the 'ouse. I didn't know where I was goin'. I wanted money—food for my dear! I think I was mad. And that's the way I met you. It's God truth, Sir, every word of it!"

This was the story that, with sobs and gasps and many pauses for passion which she could not control, Blade-o'-Grass told me. I breathed a prayer of thankfulness that I was by her side in this awful crisis of her life. I felt that practical relief must be given at once. To leave her to her own resources in such a moment of terrible desperation would have weighed on my soul like a sin which could never be washed away. I looked round upon the bleak night; not a footfall was to be heard. The snow was turning to sleet; the streets were deserted; every door was closed.

As I was considering what was best to be done, the bells began to chime again. It was twelve o'clock, and the Sabbath was at an end. From far and near the iron tongues, in solemn, muffled tones, proclaimed the commencement of a new week's toil. For a few moments the air was filled with sound, and it would scarcely have surprised me to feel that the sleeping millions were suddenly aroused—to hear the din, the roar, the rattle of the road—to see the anxious faces flashing all around me, and the streets peopled with the throngs that struggle this way and that, and contribute to the sum of the busy world. But with the last faint echo of the bells the fancy vanished; the night was more lonely and desolate than before, and Blade-o'-Grass was turning from me in despair.

"Come with me," I said.

"Let me be!" she cried, hoarsely. "My child's starvin', and I'm goin' to get food for it—some'ow—or die in the streets!"

"I am going to help you. I am going to get food for you and your child."

She grasped my hand with a convulsive movement, and sobs of hysterical joy escaped from her. But weakness and the revulsion of feeling overcame her, and she would have fallen to the ground again but for my support. By good fortune I heard the wheels of a cab.

"Can you keep up for a moment or two?" I whispered to her, hurriedly. "Take hold of these rails; they will support you. That's right—that's right! Do not stir till I return. I may be able to stop that cab, and it will take us to my place, where we can get food. Think of your child, and gather strength."

I left her clinging to the rails, and I ran after the cab and hailed it. The driver drove on, shaking his head. But I ran by the side of the horse and entreated him so earnestly that he stopped. He said he was wet to the skin and tired out, and that he wanted to tumble into bed. But when he heard my rapidly told story, and that the life of a little child might be saved or sacrificed by him, he hesitated not a moment.

Blade-o'-Grass was somewhat better and stronger when I returned to her, and we drove quickly to my lodgings. There I armed myself with candles, with what food there was in my cupboard, and with a little brandy which I fortunately had by me. Back to Stony Alley we drove swiftly. On the road I urged Blade-o'-Grass to eat. She could not, she said; it would choke her if she tried.

"I can't go down this alley, Sir," the driver said, pulling up; "it's too narrow."

We alighted, and I paid the man his fare. He fumbled the money in his hand; hesitated; looked doubtfully at it.

"I hope you will think it enough," I said. It was all the money I had about me.

With a rough tenderness he answered, "I beg your pardon, Sir; but I'd like to—" and he held sixpence toward Blade-o'-Grass.

"I will give it to her," I said. "God bless you!"

I shook hands with him, and he jumped on his box and rattled away, whistling his loudest.

We walked through the dark alley, unlighted by a single lamp, into the house, and up the darker stairs. The house contained many inhabitants, and we heard their breathing as we shuffled quietly along. When we reached Blade-o'-Grass's room, she paused at the door and listened.

"My dear's not moanin' now," she whispered, gladly. "Per'aps she's asleep. We're a-comin', my dear; we're a-comin'! We've got somethin' nice to eat!"

By the time I lit a candle, I saw that Blade-o'-Grass had crept to the bed and was bending over her dear. She raised the child tenderly in her arms. I mixed a little brandy-and-water in a broken cup and approached them.

"'Ad we better wake 'er?" asked Blade-o'-Grass. I nodded. "Baby! baby!" she cried.

She looked at me for a moment with a struggling fear in her eyes.

"Baby, my dear! 'Ere's somethin' nice for you! We're goin' to send the tiger to sleep; it sha'n't 'urt you any more. Baby! She don't answer me! For gracious God's sake, Sir, come 'ere! Quick! Baby! my love, my love, my 'eart! Mother's a-callin' to you. Open your eyes! Speak to me! Look at mother, my life!"

The fear in her eyes grew stronger, spread over her face, and turned it deathly white. With a wild shudder she tore the child from the bed, and pressing her to her breast, turned to me with a look so agonizing and despairing as blanched my face to the whiteness of hers.

"What's this!" she muttered, piteously. "For the good Lord's sake, tell me what is this?" She passed her hand over her child with swift and fierce tenderness, and with a scream that must have made terrible the dreams of the sleepers, cried, "The tiger! the tiger! The tiger's killed my child! Oh, my 'eart, my life!" and fell to the ground, clasping her dear closer to her heart, and rocked to and fro in an agony of passionate, ungovernable grief.

Alas! alas! The child, on whose face I had never seen a smile, had died during the mother's absence, and the tiger that had been the curse of her life would nevermore disturb her. Nevermore! Nevermore!

X.

NO, NO! BORN IN LOVE! IN LOVE!

I was busy writing on the following morning when Mr. Merrywhistle called upon me.

"You look tired," he said.

I told him that I had been up all night with Blade-o'-Grass, and that her child was dead. He being her nearest and most faithful friend, I related to him the circumstance of my meeting Blade-o'-Grass on the previous night, and all that followed. The good old man shed tears, and was sincerely grieved.

"Can I do any thing?" he asked.

"You can do a great deal," I answered. "There is the burial of the child—"

"I will see to that," he interrupted; "and the poor child shall be buried decently."

This was a weight off my mind, for I knew by his words and his manner that he intended to defray the charges of the funeral out of his own purse; mine unfortunately was empty. I pressed his hand.

"Heaven forgive me for saying it," he said, wiping the tears from his eyes, "but it is a happier fate for the poor little thing to die, than to live as her mother has lived."

Then, I told him, there was the mother herself to look after.

"I should not have remained with her so long, for I needed rest; but it was impossible for me to leave her. If she were left to herself and her thoughts, I am afraid that something bad would happen. Jimmy Virtue is with her now, and will remain until I send some one to relieve him, or go myself."

"Jimmy is a good fellow," said Mr. Merrywhistle, rising, "but he's as poor as a church mouse, and must attend to his business. I will see to the poor girl, and when I am absent I will get some woman in the house to look after her. There, there! make your mind easy till to-morrow, and go to bed early to-night."

I felt much relieved, and I rose the next morning thoroughly refreshed in mind and body. As early in the day as I could I walked toward Stony Alley. On my way I met Mr. Merrywhistle. I asked him after Blade-o'-Grass. He shook his head gravely, and said,

"I was anxious to see you about her. It is with her just as you described. If she were left to herself, she would do something desperate."

"Has Tom Beadle come home?"

"No, and I have heard nothing of him. His presence might arouse her from the awful melancholy which has fast hold of her. It is dreadful to see. She has not spoken a word since you left, and it is with the greatest difficulty that the woman I have employed has induced her to touch food; I am sure she has not eaten sufficient to keep life in her. She sits by her dead child, looking at it with a blank look in her eyes that almost freezes my blood to see. Sometimes she turns her head, and gazes into one particular corner of the room, with a gaze so fixed and steadfast that I have half expected—I am very nervous, my dear Sir—to see something start out of the wall."

"She told me, on the night I met her by the Royal Exchange, that her baby lay all the day with her eyes wide open, staring at something she couldn't see. She laid great stress on the words. Perhaps she is trying to discover what it was the poor child was gazing at."

"I have been thinking, my dear Sir—"

"Yes," I said, gently, for he had paused.

"That if you were to speak to her, not simply as a friend who is interested in her bodily welfare, but as a minister—"

"I understand you. Such thought was in my own mind. I have not forgotten my duty, believe me."

Upon entering the room where the dead and the living lay, I saw at a glance that Mr. Merrywhistle had indeed well discharged his duty. It was cleaner and tidier than I had yet seen it. One or two humble and necessary pieces of furniture had been added, and on the window there was a clean white muslin blind, edged with black ribbon. The dead child was on the bed, with a white sheet over it, and Blade-o'-Grass was lying on the ground, with her hand beneath the sheet, embracing the body. I motioned the woman in attendance from the room; she went softly, and I closed the door behind me. As I stood with the handle in my hand, I heard a knock. I opened the door and saw one of the lodgers—a tall, gaunt woman, with a decided mustache—with a yellow basin in her hand. She dropped a courtesy.

"I've brought a little mutton broth for Blade-o'-Grass," she said. "Mind! It's 'ot."

I thanked her, and taking the basin from her, laid it aside. Then closing the door again, I approached Blade-o'-Grass, and placed my hand on her shoulder. She gazed at me with no sign of recognition, and turned her face again toward her child. I bent over the clay tenderly. The child looked well in death. Never in its life had its face worn so peaceful an expression. I sat on a chair beside the hapless mother, and spoke to her of that other and better life into which her child had entered; I spoke to her of the goodness of the all-beneficent God, of the comprehensive love which He, who watches over all His children, bears to the meanest of them. But my words touched her not; she made no movement in response to them, but sat motionless, with hopeless eyes fixed upon the child. I did not dare attempt to rouse her attention by sternness. Every word that came from my lips seemed to me to be dissolved into gentle utterance by the intense mother's love, which closed the door upon all outward sympathy. And still I continued:

"Think," I said, in my most earnest tones—"think but for a moment. Cast your thoughts from your own misery and your own unhappiness, and let them dwell wholly and solely upon your child."

A gleam that faintly expressed scornful wonder passed into her eyes. I hailed even that faint sign with gladness.

"The mother's love that dwells so strongly in your breast, is it as sweet as it should be, is it as perfect as it should be, if it blind you to the happier lot that lies before your child, and make you regardless of it? Love in its perfect form is shown in unselfishness. Are you unselfish in your grief? While your child lived, you found your happiness and your consolation in her. But was *she* happy? Carry your thoughts to the many times that you saw her in pain, that she suffered hunger, that she cried because of the tiger that tormented her—"

A shiver passed over the form of Blade-o'-Grass; her stony gaze relaxed, and I saw that I had aroused her attention.

"And think if a happier lot lies before her, as it does, if even now the power is given to her, by the wisdom and the goodness of God, to comprehend and be grateful for the love which has filled your heart from her birth—think but for a moment, if this be so, AS IT IS! whether you should not rather rejoice than mourn? By doing this you would show love in its most perfect form of unselfishness. All her pain is gone, all her sufferings have passed away, and the tiger is stilled forever. Yes, this child, born in sin—"

"No, no!" cried Blade-o'-Grass, in a piercing tone of anguish, springing to her feet, and pleading for her lost child in the strong agony of her soul. "Born in love! In love—in love!"

"Born in love," I said, sadly, "and yet in sin—"

"I didn't know," she sobbed, sinking again to the foot of the bed. "'Ow could I know? and 'ow could baby know? Oh, don't be 'ard on baby! Oh, my 'eart, my life! Oh, baby, baby!"

The mere utterance of the word so overwhelmed her that for a time she was blind and deaf to all around her. Dark clouds encompassed her! She was conscious of nothing but the overpowering grief which was born of love; all else was blotted out from her comprehension. She and her dead baby were alone, distinct from every thing in nature. Divine sympathy for her touched her not; human love for her touched her not. She did not ask for them; she did not know the good that lay in them. All that she desired, all that she yearned for, was her baby, and with that dear soul of her soul and heart of her heart in her arms, she would be content to wander into the Oblivion where peace was, where no gnawing hunger was, where no unkind looks were, where no pain was. In that Oblivion only one thing could live—her love for her baby.

I waited until she was calmer, and could heed my words.

"Your child is purified by its death. In the better life that lies beyond this, all her troubles, all her unconscious shame, all her sufferings are washed away and forgotten. Ah, my dear! think of it, and be grateful for the Divine compassion that has brought peace to her suffering soul. She waits for you in the better land, to reward you for your love; and until the Divine Hand is laid upon you, and calls upon you to join her there, let it be your consolation to know that she has been spared the misery that has fallen to your lot."

She echoed wonderingly, with overflowing eyes,

"The better land that lays beyond this! She waits for me in the better land! Tell me."

Then, in words as plain as I could find, I spoke to her of those divine truths, of that divine hope, without a belief in which our lives would be dark indeed.

"And the tiger!" she cried. "Is the tiger with her? For the Lord's sake don't tell me that the tiger is with her there!"

These and other questions I had to answer to her satisfaction, and gradually, gradually the expression of stony despair left her features, and into her eyes there stole a softened look of hope and belief.

"She will see me there!" she sobbed. "My dear will see me there, and will smile upon me! I shall 'old 'er in my arms! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

She knelt with me by the side of the lifeless clay, and repeated after me her first prayer, dwelling upon the words slowly and wistfully. Another voice joined ours in the prayer—Mr. Merrywhistle's; and she, recognizing it, stretched out her hand to that faithfulest of friends. Side by side we knelt in silence when the prayer was done, and no sound was heard in the room but the quiet sobs of the bereaved mother. After a time she turned to me, and in broken, grateful words said that I had done her good. Yes, we had comforted her; thank God we had comforted her! With what fervent gratitude did I bless the gracious God for giving us the power of comforting that poor bruised heart!

Other comfort was given to her also. The Silvers had been told of the death, and Mrs. Silver and Rachel came and sat with Blade-o'-

Grass. At first she shrank from Mrs. Silver, but no person could long resist the gentle tenderness of that good woman.

"She is truly your friend," I said to Blade-o'-Grass.

"I know it, I know it," whispered Blade-o'-Grass, humbly; "but I'm not — not good enough."

I repeated these words to Mrs. Silver, and with a beautiful smile she embraced the poor girl and kissed her.

"Will you not kiss me, my child?" Mrs. Silver asked.

The sobs that came from Blade-o'-Grass came from a heart overcharged with gratitude. But she was most at home with Rachel, and the two girls sat by the bed, while Mrs. Silver busied herself about the room. She stopped until the evening, and when she and Rachel were preparing to go, I saw an imploring look in Blade-o'-Grass's eyes. I stepped to her side.

"What is it you want, my dear?"

She made no reply, but she looked at Rachel most wistfully and yearningly. I saw the thought and the wish that she was too humble to express.

"Let Rachel stop with her to-night," I said to Mrs. Silver.

For one moment only did Mrs. Silver hesitate; her child had never slept away from her home.

"Rachel, my dear," she said, "will you stop to-night with Blade-o'-Grass?"

"Oh yes!" answered Rachel, with cheerful willingness; "I shall be glad to stop."

With a gasp of joy Blade-o'-Grass caught Rachel's hand, and fondled it and kissed it again and again. Rachel released her hand, and placed her arm round Blade-o'-Grass's neck. The head of Blade-o'-Grass drooped to her breast, but Rachel's was lifted in simple trustfulness and love. We left to Mr. Merrywhistle the task of seeing to Rachel's comfort for the night.

"This is a good day's work, my dear Sir," he said to me, in confidence.

"I shall be here very early in the morning," said Mrs. Silver, as she kissed her child. She kissed Blade-o'-Grass again also, and went out of the room with Mr. Merrywhistle. I lingered behind for a moment or two. With Rachel's hand in mine I could not help saying to her,

"You gladden my heart, my dear."

She flushed slightly and trembled.

"I am glad you are pleased with me, Mr. Meadow. Good-night."

"Good-night, my dear."

We left Mr. Merrywhistle in Stony Alley; he expressed his intention of sleeping in the house, and I saw Mrs. Silver home.

"How shall I thank you, dear madam," I said, as I stood with her in Buttercup Square, "for the confidence you place in me?"

"Do you know what I have been thinking of as we walked along, Mr. Meadow?"

"No."

"That it was a fortunate day for me when I wrote to ask you to assist us in our children's holiday; and that, if it had pleased God to have given me a son of my own, I should have wished him to resemble you."

I can not resist writing these words here, for they were very pleasant to me.

The funeral took place on the Thursday. Rachel, Mrs. Silver, and Mr. Merrywhistle accompanied Blade-o'-Grass to the last resting-place of her child. The women brought some winter flowers with them. If any thing could have soothed the heart of Blade-o'-Grass on that occasion, it was the sight of these flowers as well as the tender consideration which lay in the act. Before the lid of the coffin was nailed down, Blade-o'-Grass, with trembling hands and white lips, placed some of these flowers in her dead child's hands; her tears rained upon them as she stooped and kissed the lifeless clay. She did not raise her head for many moments, and I heard her whisper to her dear to be sure and wait for her in the better land. I led her from the coffin and bade her take heart.

"I do, Sir; I do!" she sobbed. "I remember every word you said."

Stony Alley and the narrow streets through which we wended our way to the wider thoroughfares were thronged with poor people, and many a "Lord love you!" came from their lips, and women pressed forward and asked Rachel, whose arm was round the weeping mother's waist, to shake hands with them. When we arrived at the church-yard, we found Jimmy Virtue waiting by the side of the grave. The simple service was soon ended, and the clay of the poor child was left to peace and God.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALUE OF GELATINE AS FOOD.

The nutritive value of gelatine in these days of soups made from meat extracts, and of jellies served in all the forms which skillful cooks can devise, is a question of no small importance. Years ago it was decided, from French physiological experiments and hospital experience, that gelatine was of no use in nutrition. The subject has lately been more thoroughly investigated by Voit, who differs in some points from the conclusions of the French savants. His experiments were made on dogs fed either on gelatine alone or on gelatine mixed with flesh or fat, or both. By determining the amount of tissue transformed, as indicated by the nitrogen excreted, and the loss or gain in weight of the animal, the value of the gelatine could be ascertained. The results show that while gelatine has no nutritive value (if by this be meant the formation of tissues), yet, if the term be extended somewhat, that it does have an actual nutritive value in lessening the metamorphosis of albumen in the body. In a large dog 168 parts of dry gelatine saved, in this way, 84 parts of dry albumen, this saving being much greater than that effected by the ingestion of fats or carbohydrates. Moreover, this saving can not be carried beyond a certain limit, some albumen being always decomposed, even when fat is given with the gelatine. No deposition of the gelatine takes place in the body: the whole of it is rapidly decomposed, the whole of its nitrogen being excreted within twenty-four hours after ingestion. Even the gelatigenous tissues themselves are not formed from this ingested gelatine, but from gelatine which is derived from albuminous bodies by retrograde metamorphosis. Voit explains this preserving action of gelatine by distinguishing two sorts of albumen in the organism—circulating or movable, and organ or fixed albumen. The former is capable of ready transformation, while the latter is not decomposed as such, but must first be transformed into the former. Gelatine acts to lessen the conversion of the organ albumen into circulating albumen, but not being able to replace the decomposed organ albumen, nor to construct new organs or tissues, it can not entirely prevent albumen transformation. When given in the food, therefore, along with albumen, it decreases the amount of this substance which undergoes decomposition, and hence lessens the amount necessary to supply the needs of the body.

(Continued from No. 884, page 1102.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," etc., etc.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is now the middle of November—a Sunday. The day has been mild, and is drawing toward its close. The Parisians have been enjoying the sunshine. Under the leafless trees in the public gardens and the Champs Elysées children have been at play. On the Boulevards the old elegance of gayety is succeeded by a livelier animation. Itinerant musicians gather round them ragged groups. Fortune-tellers are in great request, especially among the once brilliant Laises and Thaises, now looking more shabby, to whom they predict the speedy restoration of Nabobs and Russians, and golden joys. Yonder Punch is achieving a victory over the Evil One, who wears the Prussian spiked helmet, and whose face has been recently beautified into a resemblance to Bismarck. Punch draws to his show a laughing audience of *Moblots* and recruits to the new companies of the National Guard. Members of the once formidable police, now threadbare and hunger-pinched, stand side by side with unfortunate beggars and sinister-looking patriots who have served their time in the jails or galleys.

Uniforms of all variety are conspicuous—the only evidence visible of an enemy at the walls. But the aspects of the wearers of warlike accoutrements are *débonnaire* and smiling, as of revelers on a holiday of peace. Among these defenders of their country at the door of a crowded *café*, stands Frederic Lemercier, superb in the costume, bran-new, of a National Guard—his dog Fox tranquilly reposing on its haunches, with eyes fixed upon its fellow-dog philosophically musing on the edge of Punch's show, whose master is engaged in the conquest of the Bismarck fiend.

"Lemercier," cried the Vicomte de Brézé, approaching the *café*, "I scarcely recognize you in that martial guise. You look *magnifique*—the *galons* become you. *Peste!* an officer already?"

"The National Guard and Mobiles are permitted to choose their own officers, as you are aware. I have been elected, but to subaltern grade, by the warlike patriots of my department. Enguerrand de Vandemar is elected a captain of the Mobiles in his, and Victor de Mauléon is appointed to the command of a battalion of the National Guard. But I soar above jealousy at such a moment—

"'Rome a choisi mon bras; je n'examine rien.'"

"You have no right to be jealous. De Mauléon has had experience and won distinction in actual service, and from all I hear is doing wonders with his men—has got them not only to keep but to love drill. I heard no less an authority than General V—— say that if all the officers of the National Guard were like De Mauléon, that body would give an example of discipline to the line."

"I say nothing as to the promotion of a real soldier like the Vicomte—but a Parisian dandy like Enguerrand de Vandemar!"

"You forget that Enguerrand received a military education—an advantage denied to you."

"What does that matter? Who cares for education nowadays? Besides, have I not been training ever since the 4th of September, to say nothing of the hard work on the ramparts?"

"*Parlez moi de cela:* it is indeed hard work on the ramparts. *Infandum dolorem quorum pars magna fui.* Take the day duty. What with rising at seven o'clock, and being drilled between a middle-aged and corpulent grocer on one side and a meagre beardless barber's apprentice on the other; what with going to the bastions at eleven, and seeing half one's companions drunk before twelve; what with trying to keep their fists off one's face when one politely asks them not to call one's general a traitor or a poltroon—the work of the ramparts would be insupportable, if I did not take a pack of cards with me, and enjoy a quiet rubber with three other heroes in some sequestered corner. As for night work, nothing short of the indomitable fortitude of a Parisian could sustain it; the tents made expressly not to be water-proof, like the groves of the Muses—

'per
Quos et aquæ subeant et auræ.'

A fellow-companion of mine tucks himself up on my rug, and pillows his head on my knapsack. I remonstrate—he swears—the other heroes wake up and threaten to thrash us both; and just when peace is made, and one hopes for a wink of sleep, a detachment of spectators, chiefly *gamins*, coming to see that all is safe in the camp, strike up the *Marseillaise*. Ah, the world will ring to the end of time with the sublime attitude of Paris in the face of the Vandal invaders, especially when it learns that the very shoes we stand in are made of card-board. In vain we complain. The contractor for shoes is a stanch Republican, and jobs by right divine. May I ask if you have dined yet?"

"Heavens!—no; it is too early. But I am excessively hungry. I had only a quarter of jugged cat for breakfast, and the brute was tough. In reply to your question, may I put another—Did you lay in plenty of stores?"

"Stores?—no; I am a bachelor, and rely on the stores of my married friends."

"Poor De Brézé! I sympathize with you, for I am in the same boat, and dinner invitations have become monstrous rare."

"Oh, but you are so confoundedly rich! What to you are forty francs for a rabbit, or eighty francs for a turkey?"

"Well, I suppose I am rich, but I have no money, and the ungrateful *restaurants* will not give me credit. They don't believe in better days."

"How can *you* want money?"

"Very naturally. I had invested my capital famously—the best speculations—partly in house rents, partly in company shares; and houses pay no rents, and nobody will buy company shares. I had 1000 napoleons on hand, it is true, when Duplessis left Paris—much more, I thought, than I could possibly need, for I never believed in the siege. But during the first few weeks I played at whist with bad luck, and since then so many old friends have borrowed of me that I doubt if I have 200 francs left. I have dispatched four letters to Duplessis by pigeon and balloon, entreating him to send me 25,000 francs by some trusty fellow who will pierce the Prussian lines. I have had two answers—first, that he will find a man; second, that the man is found and on his way. Trust to that man, my dear friend, and meanwhile lend me 200 francs."

"*Mon cher, désolé* to refuse; but I was about to ask you to share your 200 francs with me who live chiefly by my pen; and that resource is cut off. Still, *il faut vivre*—one must dine."

"That is a fact, and we will dine together to-day at my expense, limited liability, though—eight francs a head."

"Generous monsieur, I accept. Meanwhile let us take a turn toward the Madeleine."

The two Parisians quit the *café*, and proceed up the Boulevard. On their way they encounter Savarin.

"Why," said De Brézé, "I thought you had left Paris with madame."

"So I did, and deposited her safely with the Morleys at Boulogne. These kind Americans were going to England, and they took her with them. But *I* quit Paris! I! No: I am old; I am growing obese. I have always been short-sighted. I can neither wield a sword nor handle a musket. But Paris needs defenders; and every moment I was away from her I sighed to myself, '*Il faut être là!*' I returned before the Vandals had possessed themselves of our railways, the *convoi* overcrowded with men like myself, who had removed their wives and families; and when we asked each other why we went back, every answer was the same, '*Il faut être là.*'—No, poor child, no—I have nothing to give you."

These last words were addressed to a woman, young and handsome, with a dress that a few weeks ago might have been admired for taste and elegance by the lady leaders of the *ton*, but was now darned and dirty and draggled.

"Monsieur, I did not stop you to ask for alms. You do not seem to remember me, M. Savarin."

"But I do," said Lemercier; "surely I address Mademoiselle Julie Caumartin?"

"Ah, excuse me, *le petit* Frederic," said Julie, with a sickly attempt at coquettish sprightliness; "I had no eyes except for M. Savarin."

"And why only for me, my poor child?" asked the kind-hearted author.

"Hush!" She drew him aside. "Because you can give me news of that monster Gustave. It is not true, it can not be true, that he is going to be married?"

"Nay, surely, mademoiselle, all connection between you and young Rameau has ceased for months—ceased from the date of that illness in July which nearly carried him off."

"I resigned him to the care of his mother," said the girl; "but when he no longer needs a mother, he belongs to me. Oh, consider, M. Savarin, for his sake I refused the most splendid offers! When he sought me, I had my *coupé* opera-box, my *cachemires*, my jewels. The Russians—the English—vied for my smiles. But I loved the man. I never loved before; I shall never love again; and after the sacrifices I have made for him, nothing shall induce me to give him up. Tell me, I entreat, my dear M. Savarin, where he is hiding. He has left the parental roof, and they refused there to give me his address."

"My poor girl, don't be *méchante*. It is quite true that Gustave Rameau is engaged to be married; and any attempt of yours to create scandal—"

"Monsieur," interrupted Julie, vehemently, "don't talk to me about scandal! The man is mine, and no one else shall have him. His address?"

"Mademoiselle," cried Savarin, angrily, "find it out for yourself." Then, repentant of rudeness to one so young and desolate, he added, in mild expostulatory accents, "Come, come, *ma belle enfant*, be reasonable; Gustave is no loss. He is reduced to poverty."

"So much the better. When he was well off, I never cost him more than a supper at the Maison Dorée; and if he is poor, he shall marry me, and I will support him!"

"You!—and how?"

"By my profession when peace comes; and meanwhile I have offers from a *café* to recite warlike songs. Ah! you shake your head incredulously. The ballet-dancer recite verses? Yes! *he* taught me to recite his own *Soyez bon pour moi.* M. Savarin, do say where I can find *mon homme.*"

"No."

"That is your last word?"

"It is."

The girl drew her thin shawl round her and hurried off. Savarin rejoined his friends. "Is that the way you console yourself for the absence of madame?" asked De Brézé, dryly.

"Fie!" cried Savarin, indignantly; "such bad jokes are ill-timed. What strange mixtures of good and bad, of noble and base, every stratum of Paris life contains! There is that poor girl, in one way contemptible, no doubt, and yet in another way she has an element of grandeur. On the whole, at Paris, the women, with all their faults, are of finer mould than the men."

"French gallantry has always admitted that truth," said Lemercier. "Fox, Fox, Fox!" Uttering this cry, he darted forward after the dog, who had strayed a few yards to salute another dog led by a string, and caught the animal in his arms. "Pardon me," he exclaimed, returning to his friends, "but there are so many snares for dogs at present. They are just coming into fashion for roasts, and Fox is so plump."

"I thought," said Savarin, "that it was resolved at all the sporting clubs that, be the pinch of famine ever so keen, the friend of man should not be eaten."

"That was while the beef lasted; but since we have to come to cats, who shall predict immunity to dogs? *Quid intactum ne-faste liquimus?* Nothing is sacred from the hand of rapine."

The church of the Madeleine now stood before them. *Moblots* were playing pitch-and-toss on its steps.

"I don't wish you to accompany me, messieurs," said Lemercier, apologetically, "but I am going to enter the church."

"To pray?" asked De Brézé, in profound astonishment.

"Not exactly; but I want to speak to my friend Rochebriant, and I know I shall find him there."

"Praying?" again asked De Brézé.

"Yes."

"That is curious—a young Parisian exquisite at prayer—that is worth seeing. Let us enter too, Savarin."

They enter the church. It is filled, and even the skeptical De Brézé is impressed and awed by the sight. An intense fervor pervades the congregation. The majority, it is true, are women, many of them in deep mourning, and many of their faces mourning deeper than the dress. Every where may be seen gushing tears, and every where faintly heard the sound of stifled sighs. Besides the women were men of all ages—young, middle-aged, old, with heads bowed and hands clasped, pale, grave, and earnest. Most of them were evidently of a superior grade in life—nobles, and the higher *bourgeoisie:* few of the *ouvrier* class, very few, and these were of an earlier generation. I except soldiers, of whom there were many, from the provincial Mobiles, chiefly Bretons; you knew the Breton soldiers by the little cross worn on their *képis.*

Among them Lemercier at once distinguished the noble countenance of Alain de Rochebriant. De Brézé and Savarin looked at each other with solemn eyes. I know not when either had last been within a church; perhaps both were startled to find that religion still existed in Paris—and largely exist it does, though little seen on the surface of society, little to be estimated by the articles of journals and the report of foreigners. Unhappily, those among whom it exists are not the ruling class—are of the classes that are dominated over and obscured in every country the moment the populace becomes master. And at that moment the journals chiefly read were warring more against the Deity than the Prussians—were denouncing soldiers who attended mass. "The Gospel certainly makes a bad soldier," writes the patriot Pyat.

Lemercier knelt down quietly. The other two men crept noiselessly out, and stood waiting for him on the steps, watching the *Moblots* (Parisian *Moblots*) at play.

"I should not wait for the *roturier* if he had not promised me a *roti*," said the Vicomte de Brézé, with a pitiful attempt at the patrician wit of the *ancien régime*.

Savarin shrugged his shoulders. "I am not included in the invitation," said he, "and therefore free to depart. I must go and look up a former *confrère* who was an enthusiastic Red Republican, and I fear does not get so much to eat since he has no longer an Emperor to abuse."

So Savarin went away. A few minutes afterward Lemercier emerged from the church with Alain.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I KNEW I should find you in the Madeleine," said Lemercier, "and I wished much to know when you had news from Duplessis. He and your fair *fiancée* are, with your aunt, still staying at Rochebriant?"

"Certainly. A pigeon arrived this morning with a few lines. All well there."

"And Duplessis thinks, despite the war, that he shall be able, when the time comes, to pay Louvier the mortgage sum?"

"He never doubts that. His credit in London is so good. But of course all works of improvement are stopped."

"Pray, did he mention me?—any thing about the messenger who was to pierce the Prussian lines?"

"What! has the man not arrived? It is two weeks since he left."

"The Uhlans have no doubt shot him—the assassins—and drunk up my 25,000 francs—the thieves."

"I hope not. But, in case of delay, Duplessis tells me I am to remit to you 2000 francs for your present wants. I will send them to you this evening."

"How the deuce do you possess such a sum?"

"I came from Brittany with a purse well filled. Of course I could have no scruples in accepting money from my destined father-in-law."

"And you can spare this sum?"

"Certainly. The state now provides for me; I am in command of a Breton company."

"True. Come and dine with me and De Brézé."

"Alas! I can not. I have to see both the Vandemars before I return to the camp for the night. And now—hush—come this way," drawing Frederic further from De Brézé. "I have famous news for you. A sortie on a grand scale is imminent; in a few days we may hope for it."

"I have heard that so often that I am incredulous."

"Take it as a fact now."

"What! Trochu has at last matured his plan?"

"He has changed its original design, which was to cut through the Prussian lines to Rouen, occupying there the richest country for supplies, guarding the left bank of the Seine, and a water-course to convoy them to Paris. The incidents of war prevented that; he has a better plan now. The victory of the Army of the Loire at Orleans opens a new enterprise. We shall cut our way through the Prussians, join that army, and with united forces fall on the enemy at the rear. Keep this a secret as yet, but rejoice with me that we shall prove to the invaders what men who fight for their native soil can do under the protection of Heaven."

"Fox, Fox, *mon cheri*," said Lemercier, as he walked toward the *Café Riche* with De Brézé, "thou shalt have a *festin de Balthazar* under the protection of Heaven."

CHAPTER XV.

ON leaving Lemercier and De Brézé, Savarin regained the Boulevard, and pausing every now and then to exchange a few words with acquaintances—the acquaintances of the genial author were numerous—turned into the *quartier* Chaussée d'Antin, and gaining a small neat house, with a richly ornamented *façade*, mounted very clean, well-kept stairs to a third story. On one of the doors on the landing-place was nailed a card, inscribed, "Gustave Rameau, *homme de lettres.*" Certainly it is not usual in Paris thus to *afficher* one's self as "a man of letters." But Genius scorns what is usual. Had not Victor Hugo left in the hotel books on the Rhine his designation, "*homme de lettres?*" Did not the heir to one of the loftiest houses in the peerage of England, and who was also a first-rate amateur in painting, inscribe on his studio, when in Italy, ——, "*artiste?*" Such examples, no doubt, were familiar to Gustave Rameau, and "*homme de lettres*" was on the scrap of pasteboard nailed to his door.

Savarin rang; the door opened, and Gustave appeared. The poet was, of course, picturesquely attired. In his day of fashion he had worn within-doors a very pretty fanciful costume, designed after portraits of the young Raphael; that costume he had preserved—he wore it now. It looked very threadbare, and the *pourpoint* very soiled. But the beauty of the poet's face had survived the lustre of the garments. True, thanks to absinthe, the cheeks had become somewhat puffy and bloated. Gray was distinctly visible in the long ebon tresses. But still the beauty of the face was of that rare type which a Thorwaldsen or a Gibson seeking a model for a Narcissus would have longed to fix into marble.

Gustave received his former chief with a certain air of reserved dignity; led him into his chamber, only divided by a curtain from his accommodation for washing and slumber, and placed him in an arm-chair beside a drowsy fire—fuel had already become very dear.

"Gustave," said Savarin, "are you in a mood favorable to a little serious talk?"

"Serious talk from M. Savarin is a novelty too great not to command my profoundest interest."

"Thank you—and to begin: I who know the world and mankind advise you, who do not, never to meet a man who wishes to do you a kindness with an ungracious sarcasm. Irony is a weapon I ought to be skilled in, but weapons are used against enemies, and it is only a tyro who flourishes his rapier in the face of his friends."

"I was not aware that M. Savarin still permitted me to regard him as a friend."

"Because I discharged the duties of friend—remonstrated, advised, and warned. However, let by-gones be by-gones. I entreated you not to quit the safe shelter of the paternal roof. You insisted on doing so. I entreated you not to send to one of the most ferocious of the Red, or, rather, the Communistic, journals articles very eloquent, no doubt, but which would most seriously injure you in the eyes of quiet, orderly people, and compromise your future literary career, for the sake of a temporary flash in the pan during a very evanescent period of revolutionary excitement. You scorned my adjurations, but at all events you had the grace not to append your true name to those truculent effusions. In literature, if literature revive in France, we two are henceforth separated. But I do not forego the friendly interest I took in you in the days when you were so continually in my house. My wife, who liked you so cordially, implored me to look after you during her absence from Paris, and, *enfin, mon pauvre garçon*, it would grieve me very much if, when she comes back, I had to say to her, 'Gustave Rameau has thrown away the chance of redemption and of happiness which you deemed was secure to him.' *A l'œil malade, la lumière nuit.*"

So saying, he held out his hand kindly.

Gustave, who was far from deficient in affectionate or tender impulses, took the hand respectfully, and pressed it warmly.

"Forgive me if I have been ungracious, M. Savarin, and vouchsafe to hear my explanation."

"Willingly, *mon garçon.*"

"When I became convalescent, well enough to leave my father's house, there were circumstances which compelled me to do so. A young man accustomed to the life of a *garçon* can't be always tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"Especially if the apron-pocket does not contain a bottle of absinthe," said Savarin, dryly. "You may well color and try to look angry; but I know that the doctor strictly forbade the use of that deadly *liqueur*, and enjoined your mother to keep strict watch on your liability to its temptations. And hence one cause of your *ennui* under the paternal roof. But if there you could not imbibe absinthe, you were privileged to enjoy a much diviner intoxication. There you could have the foretaste of domestic bliss—the society of the girl you loved, and who was pledged to become your wife. Speak frankly. Did not that society itself begin to be wearisome?"

"No," cried Gustave, eagerly, "it was not wearisome, but—"

"Yes, but—"

"But it could not be all-sufficing to a soul of fire like mine."

"Hem!" murmured Savarin—"a soul of fire! This is very interesting; pray go on."

"The calm, cold, sister-like affection of a childish, undeveloped nature, which knew no passion except for art, and was really so little emancipated from the nursery as to take for serious truth all the old myths of religion—such companionship may be very soothing and pleasant when one is lying on one's sofa, and must live by rule; but when one regains the vigor of youth and health—"

"Do not pause," said Savarin, gazing with more compassion than envy on that melancholy impersonation of youth and health. "When one regains that vigor of which I myself have no recollection, what happens?"

"The thirst for excitement, the goads of ambition, the irresistible claims which the world urges upon genius, return."

"And that genius, finding itself at the north pole amidst Cimmerian darkness in the atmosphere of a childish intellect—in other words, the society of a pure-minded virgin, who, though a good romance-writer, writes nothing but what a virgin may read, and, though a *bel esprit*, says her prayers and goes to church—then genius—well, pardon my ignorance—what does genius do?"

"Oh, M. Savarin, M. Savarin! don't let us talk any more. There is no sympathy between us. I can not bear that bloodless, mocking, cynical mode of dealing with grand emotions, which belongs to the generation of the *Doctrinaires*. I am not a Thiers or a Guizot."

"Good Heavens! who ever accused you of being either? I did not mean to be cynical. Mademoiselle Cicogna has often said I am, but I did not think you would. Pardon me. I quite agree with the philosopher who asserted that the wisdom of the past was an imposture, that the meanest intellect now living is wiser than the greatest intellect which is buried in Père la Chaise; because the dwarf who follows the giant, when perched on the shoulders of the giant, sees farther than the giant ever could. *Allez.* I go in for your generation. I abandon Guizot and Thiers. Do condescend and explain to my dull understanding, as the inferior mortal of a former age, what are the grand emotions which impel a soul of fire in your wiser generation. The thirst of excitement—what excitement? The goads of ambition—what ambition?"

"A new social system is struggling from the dissolving elements of the old one, as, in the fables of priestcraft, the soul frees itself from the body which has become ripe for the grave. Of that new system I aspire to be a champion—a leader. Behold the excitement that allures me, the ambition that goads!"

"Thank you," said Savarin, meekly; "I am answered. I recognize the dwarf perched on the back of the giant. Quitting these lofty themes, I venture to address to you now one simple matter-of-fact question—How about Mademoiselle Cicogna? Do you think you can induce her to transplant herself to the new social system, which I presume will abolish, among other obsolete myths, the institution of marriage?"

"M. Savarin, your question offends me. Theoretically I am opposed to the existing superstitions that encumber the very simple principle by which may be united two persons so long as they desire the union, and separated so soon as the union becomes distasteful to either. But I am perfectly aware that such theories would revolt a young lady like Mademoiselle Cicogna. I have never even named them to her, and our engagement holds good."

"Engagement of marriage? No period for the ceremony fixed?"

"That is not my fault. I urged it on Isaura with all earnestness before I left my father's house."

"That was long after the siege had begun. Listen to me, Gustave. No persuasion of mine, or my wife's, or Mrs. Morley's could induce Isaura to quit Paris while it was yet time. She said, very simply, that, having pledged her troth and hand to you, it would be treason to honor and duty if she should allow any considerations for herself to be even discussed so long as you needed her presence. You were then still suffering, and, though convalescent, not without danger of a relapse. And your mother said to her—I heard the words—'Tis not for his bodily health I could dare to ask you to stay, when every man who can afford it is sending away his wife, sisters, daughters. As for that, I should suffice to tend him; but if you go, I resign all hope for the health of his mind and his soul.' I think at Paris there may be female poets and artists whom that sort of argument would not have much influenced. But it so happens that Isaura is not a *Parisienne.* She believes in those old myths which you think fatal to sympathies with yourself; and those old myths also lead her to believe that where a woman has promised she will devote her life to a man, she can not forsake him when told by his mother that she is necessary to the health of his mind and his soul. Stay. Before you interrupt me let me finish what I have to say. It appears that, so soon as your bodily health was improved, you felt that your mind and your soul could take care of themselves; and certainly it seems to me that Isaura Cicogna is no longer of the smallest use to either."

Rameau was evidently much disconcerted by this speech. He saw what Savarin was driving at—the renunciation of all bond between Isaura and himself. He was not prepared for such renunciation. He still felt for the Italian as much of love as he could feel for any woman who did not kneel at his feet, as at those of Apollo condescending to the homage of Arcadian maids. But, on the one hand, he felt that many circumstances had occurred since the disaster at Sedan to render Isaura a very much less desirable *partie* than she had been when he had first wrung from her the pledge of bethrothal. In the palmy times of a government in which literature and art commanded station and insured fortune Isaura, whether as authoress or singer, was a brilliant marriage for Gustave Rameau. She had also then an assured and competent, if modest, income. But when times change, people change with them. As the income for the moment (and Heaven only can say how long that moment might last), Isaura's income had disappeared. It will be recollected that Louvier had invested her whole fortune in the houses to be built in the street called after his name. No houses, even when built, paid any rent now. Louvier had quitted Paris, and Isaura could only be subsisting upon such small sum she might have had in hand before the siege commenced. All career in such literature and art as Isaura adorned was at a dead stop. Now, to do Rameau justice, he was by no means an avaricious or mercenary man. But he yearned for modes of life to which money was essential. He liked his "comforts;" and his comforts included the luxuries of elegance and show—comforts not to be attained by marriage with Isaura under existing circumstances.

Nevertheless it is quite true that he had urged her to marry him at once before he had quitted his father's house; and her modest shrinking from such proposal, however excellent the reasons for delay in the national calamities of the time, as well as the poverty which the calamity threatened, had greatly wounded his *amour propre.* He had always felt that her affection for him was not love; and though he could reconcile himself to that conviction when many solid advantages were attached to the prize of her love, and when he was ill and penitent and maudlin, and the calm affection of a saint seemed to him infinitely preferable to the vehement passion of a sinner—yet when Isaura was only Isaura by herself—Isaura *minus* all the *et cætera* which had previously been taken into account—the want of adoration for himself very much lessened her value.

Still, though he acquiesced in the delayed fulfillment of the engagement with Isaura, he had no thought of withdrawing from the engagement itself, and after a slight pause he replied: "You do me great injustice if you suppose that the occupations to which I devote myself render me less sensible to the merits of Mademoiselle Cicogna, or less eager for our union. On the contrary, I will confide to you—as a man of the world—one main reason why I quitted my father's house, and why I desire to keep my present address a secret. Mademoiselle Caumartin conceived for me a passion—a caprice—which was very flattering for a time, but which latterly became very troublesome. Figure to yourself—she daily came to our house while I was lying ill, and with the greatest difficulty my mother got her out of it. That was not all. She pestered me with letters containing all sorts of threats—nay, actually kept watch at the house; and one day when I entered the carriage with my mother and Signora Venosta for a drive in the Bois (meaning to call for Isaura by the way), she darted to the carriage door, caught my hand, and would have made a scene if the coachman had given her leave to do so. Luckily he had the tact to whip on his horses, and we escaped. I had some little difficulty in convincing the Signora Venosta that the girl was crazed. But I felt the danger I incurred of her coming upon me some moment when in company with Isaura, and so I left my father's house; and naturally wishing to steer clear of this vehement little demon till I am safely married, I keep my address a secret from all who are likely to tell her of it."

"You do wisely if you are really afraid of her, and can not trust your nerves to say to her plainly, 'I am engaged to be married; all is at an end between us. Do not force me to employ the police to protect myself from unwelcome importunities.'"

"Honestly speaking, I doubt if I have the nerve to do that, and I doubt still more if it would be of any avail. It is very *ennuyant* to be so passionately loved; but, *que voulez vous?* It is my fate."

"Poor martyr! I condole with you: and to say truth, it was chiefly to warn you of Mademoiselle Caumartin's pertinacity that I called this evening."

Here Savarin related the particulars of his *rencontre* with Julie, and concluded by saying: "I suppose I must take your word of honor that you will firmly resist all temptation to renew a connection which would be so incompatible with the respect due to your *fiancée?* Fatherless and protectorless as Isaura is, I feel bound to act as a virtual guardian to one in whom my wife takes so deep an interest, and to whom, as she thinks, she had some hand in bringing about your engagement: she is committed to no small responsibilities. Do not allow poor Julie, whom I sincerely pity, to force on me the unpleasant duty of warning your *fiancée* of the dangers to which she might be subjected by marriage with an Adonis whose fate it is to be so profoundly beloved by the sex in general, and ballet nymphs in particular."

"There is no chance of so disagreeable a duty being incumbent on you, M. Savarin. Of course, what I myself have told you in confidence is sacred."

"Certainly. There are things in the life of a *garçon* before marriage which would be an affront to the modesty of his *fiancée* to communicate and discuss. But then those things must belong exclusively to the past, and cast no shadow over the future. I will not interrupt you further. No doubt you have work for the night before you. Do the Red journalists for whom you write pay enough to support you in these terribly dear times?"

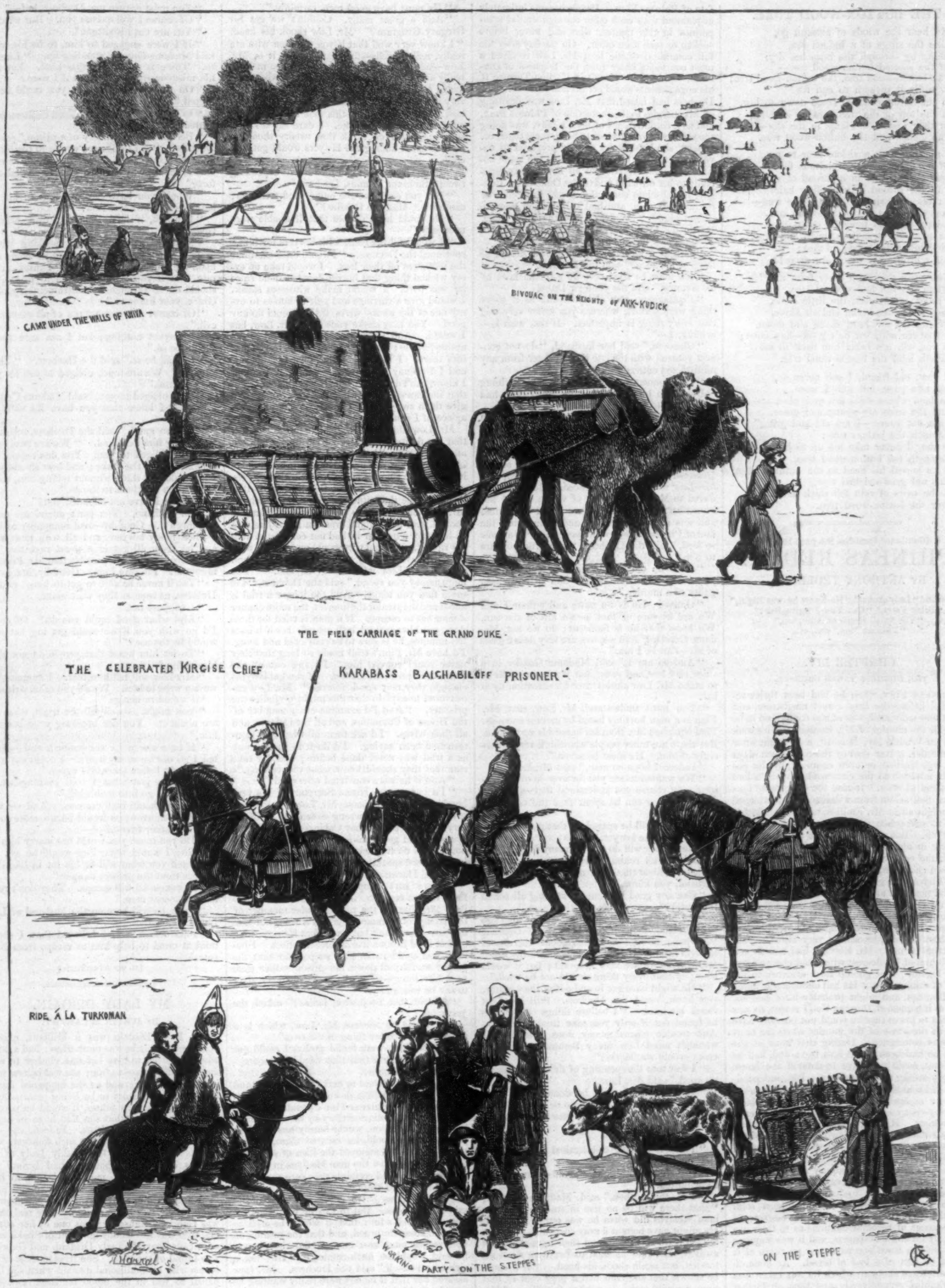
"Scarcely. But I look forward to wealth and fame in the future. And you?"

"I just escape starvation. If the siege last much longer, it is not of the gout I shall die. Good-night to you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARSENIC IN THE AIR OF ROOMS.

THE deleterious effects produced by the use of arsenical green in paper-hangings, which have long been known, are commonly attributed to the inhalation of the dust mechanically detached from the walls. The occurrence, however, of cases of arsenical poisoning in rooms where no such mechanical abrasion was possible has led Dr. Fleck, of Dresden, to submit the question to the test of experiment. Four glass jars were employed for this purpose. The interior of the first was lined with paper covered with Schweinfurt green, a paste of potato starch being used as the adhesive material, every square centimeter of surface having upon it fifteen milligrammes of white arsenic combined in the copper salt. The second jar was covered on its interior with a thick layer of gelatine mixed with Schweinfurt green, applied while warm. Under the third jar was placed a capsule containing Schweinfurt green mixed with water to a thick paste. The fourth was similarly prepared, except that white arsenic was used instead of Schweinfurt green. Each jar was closed at bottom by a glass plate, and at top by a cork carrying two glass tubes, one of which extended to the bottom of the jar. Blue litmus papers were attached to the corks, and the temperature was maintained at about 64° F. At the end of six hours the litmus paper in the fourth jar had become red, that in the third jar at the end of twenty-four hours, and those in the first and second jars after the lapse of three days. Moreover, in the first jar mould soon formed between the paper and the glass. The air in the interior of these jars was subsequently tested for arsenic. That in jar 3 showed a trace in eight days, that in jars 1 and 2 gave the reaction distinctly in three weeks, while none could be detected in that of the fourth jar. Upon investigation the arsenic in jars 1, 2, and 3 was found to exist there as hydrogen arsenide or arseneted hydrogen, mixed in the third jar with acetic acid. The reddening of the litmus in the fourth jar was due to sulphurous oxide contained in the arsenic employed. As a confirmatory experiment white arsenic was mixed with flour paste and placed under a glass bell jar. Four weeks afterward the mixture was covered with a thick mould, and a dark band of crystalline metallic arsenic, reduced by the process of vegetation, surrounded the jar near the upper edge of the mould. The air of the jar contained hydrogen arsenide. A mixture of starch paste and white arsenic gave the same results. It appears certain, therefore, that the air of a room whose walls are papered with arsenic green may contain arsenic proceeding not from mechanical abrasion, but in the form of hydrogen arsenide produced by the action of the moist organic matter, particularly the paste, upon the Schweinfurt green. To this exceedingly poisonous gas, therefore, chronic arsenical poisoning is doubtless due in many cases.


CAMP UNDER THE WALLS OF KHIVA
BIVOUAC ON THE HEIGHTS OF AKK-KUDICK
THE FIELD CARRIAGE OF THE GRAND DUKE
THE CELEBRATED KIRGISE CHIEF
KARABASS BAICHABILOFF PRISONER
RIDE, À LA TURKOMAN
A WORKING PARTY ON THE STEPPES
ON THE STEPPE
Harral Sc

SKETCHES AROUND KHIVA.

SKETCHES AROUND KHIVA.

ON the 10th of June last the Turkistan, Orenburg, and Caucasus detachments of the Russian forces entered Khiva to take formal possession of the town, and four days afterward were transferred to the gardens outside the walls, where a portion of their camp is represented in our illustration. "Now we are resting from our labors," wrote thence a correspondent of the *Invalide Russe;* "nevertheless our camp under the walls of Khiva presents a very animated picture; the soldiers are mending their shoes and making biscuits, not forgetting at the same time their military duties." We need say little of the camp on the heights of Akk-Kudick, with its comfortable warm kibitkas, or the wicker-work frame tents universally used by the nomad tribes, and its sleepy-headed camels, those true "ships" of the alternately cold and bleak and tropically scorching steppes of Khiva. Indeed, without these patient animals the Russians would have found the difficulties of their expedition increased tenfold. Equally valuable as draught steeds and as beasts of burden, these camels were used either to carry enormous loads, or to draw ambulances and the field carriages of the higher powers of the army. An example of this is furnished by our illustration—the field carriage of the Grand Duke NICHOLAS CONSTANTINOVITCH. Curious vehicles these Central Asian wagons, simple sledges on wheels, which, when winter sets in, can be dismounted and transformed into light sleighs.

Our next sketch represents a well-known Kirghiz warrior—KARABASS-BAIGHABILOFF—captured in one of the various encounters—a prisoner in the charge of a detachment of the invader; and then we have a specimen of equitation *à la Turkoman* on the steppes—a style which takes us back to the old days of the "pillion," or reminds us of the new English cavalry-infantry drill, where a hussar carries an infantry soldier behind him. A working party on the steppes will give the reader a fair idea of a type of nomad tribes to be met with throughout Khiva and Turkistan—rough, unkempt, unscrupulous fellows, who have no objection to pillage a caravan, but on a pinch can do a good day's hard work. Our last sketch shows us a truly primitive conveyance peculiar to the steppes, and drawn by oxen, animals highly valued in Khiva, and by the breeding and rearing of which the nomads principally gain their livelihood. In the spring and autumn these tribes hover round the various wells and oases on the steppes, but when either midwinter or midsummer arrives—both equally disagreeable in those districts—the tribes seek the more temperate climate of the Caspian sea-shore, and there exchange their cattle for corn and other necessaries of life. Having no regularly constructed villages, they easily move from place to place with all their household goods, and are as much at home in one spot as another.

THE BUTTON-WOOD TREE.

I can hear the winds of autumn go,
Like the surge of a hidden sea,
Rushing by through the branches dry
Of the spotted button-wood tree—
The button-wood tree, the button-wood tree!
How sadly it rocketh to and fro!
And the autumn clouds come down so low,
And the top of the tree goes up so high,
That they meet like giants in the sky—
The clouds and the button-wood tree.

Oh, there cometh a vision, dear to me,
Of a child who was wondrous fair,
Whose face is cold in a shroud of gold.
"In the shroud of his yellow hair
My roots are twining!" groans the tree—
Moans and sighs the button-wood tree.
Not long ago, old tree, the day
He clasped thy trunk, so rough and gray,
Telling his childish love to thee:
But his little arms were torn away!

"Why were they torn away from me?"
Howleth out the button-wood tree.
See there, at thy feet, the little stone,
Where he'd often come and sit alone,
Watching thy old head shake and moan.
"It shaketh still, but he's gone—he's gone;
And you will not bring him back to me!"
Groaneth loud the button-wood tree.

Ah! that, old friend, I can never do,
For he's gone, full well I ween,
To a land where skies are ever blue,
And the trees are young and green.
"*I* am not young—I am old and grim,"
Moaneth the jealous tree;
"So they'll never take me up to him,"
Groaneth the button-wood tree.
And he bowed his head to the autumn blast,
This old grief-stricken tree,
And the tears of rain fell thick and fast
Over the button-wood tree.

(Continued from No. 884, page 1104.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE DUCHESS TAKES COUNSEL.

Phineas Finn, when he had been thrice remanded before the Bow Street magistrate, and four times examined, was at last committed to be tried for the murder of Mr. Bonteen. This took place on Wednesday, May 19, a fortnight after the murder. But during those fourteen days little was learned, or even surmised, by the police, in addition to the circumstances which had transpired at once. Indeed the delay, slight as it was, had arisen from a desire to find evidence that might affect Mr. Emilius, rather than with a view to strengthen that which did affect Phineas Finn. But no circumstance could be found tending in any way to add to the suspicion to which the converted Jew was made subject by his own character, and by the supposition that he would have been glad to get rid of Mr. Bonteen. He did not even attempt to run away, for which attempt certain pseudo-facilities were put in his way by police ingenuity. But Mr. Emilius stood his ground and courted inquiry. Mr. Bonteen had been to him, he said, a very bitter, unjust, and cruel enemy. Mr. Bonteen had endeavored to rob him of his dearest wife; had charged him with bigamy; had got up false evidence in the hope of ruining him. He had undoubtedly hated Mr. Bonteen, and might probably have said so. But, as it happened, through God's mercy, he was enabled to prove that he could not possibly have been at the scene of the murder when the murder was committed. During that hour of the night he had been in his own bed; and, had he been out, could not have re-entered the house without calling up the inmates. But, independently of his alibi, Mealyus was able to rely on the absolute absence of any evidence against him. No gray coat could be traced to his hands even for an hour. His height was very much less than that attributed by Lord Fawn to the man whom he had seen hurrying to the spot. No weapon was found in his possession by which the deed could have been done. Inquiry was made as to the purchase of life-preservers, and the reverend gentleman was taken to half a dozen shops at which such instruments had lately been sold. But there had been a run upon life-preservers, in consequence of recommendations as to their use given by certain newspapers, and it was found as impossible to trace one particular purchase as it would be that of a loaf of bread. At none of the half-dozen shops to which he was taken was Mr. Emilius remembered; and then all further inquiry in that direction was abandoned, and Mr. Emilius was set at liberty. "I forgive my persecutors from the bottom of my heart," he said; "but God will requite it to them."

In the mean time Phineas was taken to Newgate, and was there confined, almost with the glory and attendance of a state prisoner. This was no common murder, and no common murderer. Nor were they who interested themselves in the matter the ordinary Rag, Tag, and Bobtail of the people—the mere wives and children, or perhaps fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters of the slayer or slain. Dukes and earls, duchesses and countesses, members of the Cabinet, great statesmen, judges, bishops, and Queen's counselors, beautiful women, and women of highest fashion, seemed for a while to think of but little else than the fate of Mr. Bonteen and the fate of Phineas Finn. People became intimately acquainted with each other through similar sympathies in this matter, who had never before spoken or seen each other. On the day after the full committal of the man Mr. Low received a most courteous letter from the Duchess of Omnium, begging him to call in Carlton Terrace if his engagements would permit him to do so. The Duchess had heard that Mr. Low was devoting all his energies to the protection of Phineas Finn, and as a certain friend of hers, a lady, was doing the same, she was anxious to bring them together. Indeed, she herself was equally prepared to devote her energies for the present to the same object. She had declared to all her friends, especially to her husband and to the Duke of St. Bungay, her absolute conviction of the innocence of the accused man, and had called upon them to defend him. "My dear," said the elder Duke, "I do not think that in my time any innocent man has ever lost his life upon the scaffold."

"Is that a reason why our friend should be the first instance?" said the Duchess.

"He must be tried according to the laws of his country," said the younger Duke.

"Plantagenet, you always speak as if every thing were perfect, whereas you know very well that every thing is imperfect. If that man is—is hung, I—"

"Glencora," said her husband, "do not connect yourself with the fate of a stranger from any misdirected enthusiasm."

"I do connect myself. If that man be hung—I shall go into mourning for him. You had better look to it."

Mr. Low obeyed the summons, and called on the Duchess. But, in truth, the invitation had been planned by Madame Goesler, who was present when the lawyer, about five o'clock in the afternoon, was shown into the presence of the Duchess. Tea was immediately ordered, and Mr. Low was almost embraced. He was introduced to Madame Goesler, of whom he did not remember that he had before heard the name, and was at once given to understand that the fate of Phineas was now in question. "We know so well," said the Duchess, "how true you are to him."

"He is an old friend of mine," said the lawyer, "and I can not believe him to have been guilty of a murder."

"Guilty! He is no more guilty than I am. We are as sure of that as we are of the sun. We know that he is innocent; do we not, Madame Goesler? And we, too, are very dear friends of his—that is, I am."

"And so am I," said Madame Goesler, in a voice very low and sweet, but yet so energetic as to make Mr. Low almost rivet his attention upon her.

"You must understand, Mr. Low, that Mr. Finn is a man horribly hated by certain enemies. That wretched Mr. Bonteen hated his very name. But there are other people who think very differently of him. He must be saved."

"Indeed I hope he may," said Mr. Low.

"We wanted to see you for ever so many reasons. Of course you understand that—that any sum of money can be spent that the case may want."

"Nothing will be spared on that account, certainly," said the lawyer.

"But money will do a great many things. We would send all round the world if we could get evidence against that other man—Lady Eustace's husband, you know."

"Can any good be done by sending all round the world?"

"He went back to his own home not long ago—in Poland, I think," said Madame Goesler. "Perhaps he got the instrument there, and brought it with him." Mr. Low shook his head. "Of course we are very ignorant; but it would be a pity that every thing should not be tried."

"He might have got in and out of the window, you know," said the Duchess. Still Mr. Low shook his head. "I believe things can always be found out, if only you take trouble enough. And trouble means money, does it not? We wouldn't mind how many thousand pounds it cost; would we, Marie?"

"I fear that the spending of thousands can do no good," said Mr. Low.

"But something must be done. You don't mean to say that Mr. Finn is to be hung because Lord Fawn says that he saw a man running along the street in a gray coat?"

"Certainly not."

"There is nothing else against him; nobody else saw him."

"If there be nothing else against him, he will be acquitted."

"You think, then," said Madame Goesler, "that there will be no use in tracing what the man Mealyus did when he was out of England. He might have bought a gray coat then, and have hidden it till this night, and then have thrown it away." Mr. Low listened to her with close attention, but again shook his head. "If it could be shown that the man had a gray coat at that time, it would certainly weaken the effect of Mr. Finn's gray coat."

"And if he bought a bludgeon there, it would weaken the effect of Mr. Finn's bludgeon. And if he bought rope to make a ladder, it would show that he had got out. It was a dark night, you know, and nobody would have seen it. We have been talking it all over, Mr. Low, and we really think you ought to send somebody."

"I will mention what you say to the gentlemen who are employed on Mr. Finn's defense."

"But will not you be employed?" Then Mr. Low explained that the gentlemen to whom he referred were the attorneys who would get up the case on their friend's behalf, and that as he himself practiced in the Courts of Equity only, he could not defend Mr. Finn on his trial.

"He must have the very best men," said the Duchess.

"He must have good men, certainly."

"And a great many. Couldn't we get Sir Gregory Grogram?" Mr. Low shook his head. "I know very well that if you get men who are really, really swells—for that is what it is, Mr. Low—and pay them well enough, and so make it really an important thing, they can browbeat any judge and hoodwink any jury. I dare say it is very dreadful to say so, Mr. Low; but, nevertheless, I believe it, and as this man is certainly innocent it ought to be done. I dare say it's very shocking, but I do think that twenty thousand pounds spent among the lawyers would get him off."

"I hope we can get him off without expending twenty thousand pounds, Duchess."

"But you can have the money and welcome; can not he, Madame Goesler?"

"He could have double that, if double were necessary."

"I would fill the court with lawyers for him," continued the Duchess. "I would cross-examine the witnesses off their legs. I would rake up every wicked thing that horrid Jew has done since he was born. I would make witnesses speak. I would give a carriage and pair of horses to every one of the jurors' wives, if that would do any good. You may shake your head, Mr. Low, but I would. And I'd carry Lord Fawn off to the antipodes, too; and I shouldn't care if you left him there. I know that this man is innocent, and I'd do any thing to save him. A woman, I know, can't do much; but she has this privilege, that she can speak out what men only think. I'd give them two carriages and two pairs of horses apiece, if I could do it that way."

Mr. Low did his best to explain to the Duchess that the desired object could hardly be effected after the fashion she proposed, and he endeavored to persuade her that justice was sure to be done in an English court of law. "Then why are people so very anxious to get this lawyer or that to bamboozle the witnesses?" said the Duchess. Mr. Low declared it to be his opinion that the poorest man in England was not more likely to be hung for a murder he had not committed than the richest. "Then why would you, if you were accused, have ever so many lawyers to defend you?" Mr. Low went on to explain. "The more money you spend," said the Duchess, "the more fuss you make. And the longer a trial is about and the greater the interest, the more chance a man has to escape. If a man is tried for three days, you always think he'll get off; but if it lasts ten minutes, he is sure to be convicted and hung. I'd have Mr. Finn's trial made so long that they never could convict him. I'd tire out all the judges and juries in London. If you get lawyers enough, they may speak forever." Mr. Low endeavored to explain that this might prejudice the prisoner. "And I'd examine every member of the House of Commons, and all the Cabinet, and all their wives. I'd ask them all what Mr. Bonteen had been saying. I'd do it in such a way as a trial was never done before; and I'd take care that they should know what was coming."

"And if he were convicted afterward?"

"I'd buy up the Home Secretary. It's very horrid to say so, of course, Mr. Low; and I dare say there is nothing wrong ever done in Chancery. But I know what Cabinet Ministers are. If they could get a majority by granting a pardon, they'd do it quick enough."

"You are speaking of a Liberal Government, of course, Duchess."

"There isn't twopence to choose between them in that respect. Just at this moment I believe Mr. Finn is the most popular member of the House of Commons; and I'd bring all that to bear. You can't but know that if every thing of that kind is done it will have an effect. I believe you could make him so popular that the people would pull down the prison rather than have him hung—so that a jury would not dare to say he was guilty."

"Would that be justice, ladies?" asked the just man.

"It would be success, Mr. Low, which is a great deal the better thing of the two."

"If Mr. Finn were found guilty, I could not in my heart believe that that would be justice," said Madame Goesler.

Mr. Low did his best to make them understand that the plan of pulling down Newgate by the instrumentality of Phineas Finn's popularity, or of buying up the Home Secretary by threats of Parliamentary defection, would hardly answer their purpose. He would, he assured them, suggest to the attorneys employed the idea of searching for evidence against the man Mealyus in his own country, and would certainly take care that nothing was omitted from want of means. "You had better let us put a check in your hands," said the Duchess. But to this he would not assent. He did admit that it would be well to leave no stone unturned, and that the turning of such stones must cost money; but the money, he said, would be forth-coming. "He's not a rich man himself," said the Duchess. Mr. Low assured her that if money were really wanting he would ask for it. "And now," said the Duchess, "there is one other thing that we want. Can we see him?"

"You yourself?"

"Yes; I myself, and Madame Goesler. You look as if it would be very wicked." Mr. Low thought that it would be wicked; that the Duke would not like it; and that such a visit would occasion ill-natured remarks. "People do visit him, I suppose. He's not locked up like a criminal."

"I visit him," said Mr. Low, "and one or two other friends have done so. Lord Chiltern has been with him, and Mr. Erle."

"Has no lady seen him?" asked the Duchess.

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then it's time some lady should do so. I suppose we could be admitted. If we were his sisters they'd let us in."

"You must excuse me, Duchess, but—"

"Of course I will excuse you. But what?"

"You are not his sisters."

"If I were engaged to him, to be his wife?" said Madame Goesler, standing up. "I am not so. There is nothing of that kind. You must not misunderstand me. But if I were?"

"On that plea I presume you could be admitted."

"Why not as a friend? Lord Chiltern is admitted as his friend."

"Because of the prudery of a prison," said the Duchess. "All things are wrong to the lookers after wickedness, my dear. If it would comfort him to see us, why should he not have that comfort?"

"Would you have gone to him in his own lodgings?" asked Mr. Low.

"I would, if he'd been ill," said Madame Goesler.

"Madam," said Mr. Low, speaking with a gravity which for a moment had its effect even upon the Duchess of Omnium, "I think, at any rate, that if you visit Mr. Finn in prison, you should do so through the instrumentality of his Grace, your husband."

"Of course you suspect me of all manner of evil."

"I suspect nothing; but I am sure that it should be so."

"It shall be so," said the Duchess. "Thank you, Sir. We are much obliged to you for your wise counsel."

"I am obliged to you," said Madame Goesler, "because I know that you have his safety at heart."

"And so am I," said the Duchess, relenting, and giving him her hand. "We are really ever so much obliged to you. You don't quite understand about the Duke; and how should you? I never do any thing without telling him, but he hasn't time to attend to things."

"I hope I have not offended you?"

"Oh dear, no. You can't offend me unless you mean it. Good-by—and remember to have a great many lawyers, and all with new wigs; and let them all get in a great rage that any body should suppose it possible that Mr. Finn is a murderer. I'm sure I am. Good-by, Mr. Low."

"You'll never be able to get to him," said the Duchess, as soon as they were alone.

"I suppose not."

"And what good could you do? Of course I'd go with you if we could get in; but what would be the use?"

"To let him know that people do not think him guilty."

"Mr. Low will tell him that. I suppose, too, we can write to him. Would you mind writing?"

"I would rather go."

"You might as well tell the truth, when you are about it. You are breaking your heart for him."

"If he were to be condemned, and—executed, I should break my heart. I could never appear bright before the world again."

"That is just what I told Plantagenet. I said I would go into mourning."

"And I should really mourn. And yet were he free to-morrow, he would be no more to me than any other friend."

"Do you mean you would not marry him?"

"No; I would not. Nor would he ask me. I will tell you what will be his lot in life, if he escapes from the present danger."

"Of course he will escape. They don't really hang innocent men."

"Then he will become the husband of Lady Laura Kennedy."

"Poor fellow! If I believed that, I should think it cruel to help him to escape from Newgate."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY LADY DISDAIN.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

My Lady Disdain was a brilliant, queenly Southern girl. She was motherless; had a father who only lived to give her fine clothes to wear and splendid horses to ride; she was heiress to an immense fortune; and as she happened during the time of this story to be living principally in one of the Northern States, it would be perhaps superfluous to say that she had hosts of eager, devoted, competing suitors. Indeed, she had fortune enough to secure her such followers were she as ill-favored as the Lothly Lady of the famous old ballad; but she had beauty and charms of mind and manner enough to have won her wooers without end, even in this practical and unromantic North, were she poor as King Cophetua's beggar-maid. Her real name was Gabrielle Ransome; but one of her admirers, who was not wholly ignorant of Shakspeare, once called her My Lady Disdain, and Gabrielle was proud of the title. She treated most of her lovers with unconditional disdain when she happened to feel in the mood for thus rewarding their devotion; and she felt flattered by the name which showed how well her reckless power was recognized.

He who had thus named her fared no better than the rest. We all know the story of the ingenious artist who constructed the brazen bull, and had for his reward the privilege of being the first victim burned in its glowing maw; and we know, too, the more modern and equally fabulous tale of Dr. Guillotin being the first to yield his neck to the sharp *accolade* of the instrument his peculiar genius had devised. Poor Eugene Valmy was in just this way made to illustrate the force and the appropriateness of the title he had applied; for on him fell the full measure of a disdain which nearly crushed him.

It happened in this way. Gabrielle was the queen and goddess of a certain fashionable watering-place one summer, and Eugene Valmy was there. She had met him a few times in New York, and was pleased with him because he was handsome and looked *distingué* and had a French origin, and was, in short, a personage somewhat out of the common. But he was poor: a literary scribe of some sort or other, she hardly knew what—a publisher's hack, we may call him—a man of talents who went out to new countries, and got up books about them; who found new ways of getting into old countries, and wrote descriptions thereof; entering India by way of Siberia and Thibet, working into England from Greenland and Iceland, and so on; rushing off to "do" African gorilla-hunting when the gorilla was new and interesting, and the oil country when striking "ile" was a fresh excitement. It was he who got up that complete history of the electric telegraph in ten days when the success of the Atlantic cable made a demand for such works; and his *Pen and Pencil Sketches in Japan* were so lively and brilliant that you would never have recognized in them the hand which prepared the learned and exhaustive, but also somewhat exhausting, work on pre-Adamite animals. Individually, Eugene Valmy was a versatile, brilliant creature, who might possibly have made a name for himself if he could but have waited and thrown his soul into some one kind of work. But he gave out his intellect in incessant little shreds and patches; tore off and threw away leaf after leaf of the substance of his very life, as Jerrold's "Man Made of Money" parts gradually with the folds of his bank-note heart. Without fortune though he was, Valmy might have nursed his intellect, and waited and taken time and thought, could he but have lived on a little for dear Literature's sake and for the sake of future successes, as a Middle Age student or a German youth of Richter's time would have done. But Valmy had not much of the "proud patience which the gods love," and he liked a bright and joyous life; and he made money as fast as he could, and spent it, his most laborious efforts only just enabling him to keep decently within the circumference of that glittering circle of which My Lady Disdain was the centre. Sometimes he sighed a little over the flying years which were bringing him nothing, and he looked sadly forward into life, and began to think he must give up all hope of making a name, and to say to himself bitterly that there was nothing in him, and to wonder how many worthless books he would have put together by the time he reached the age of five-and-forty, being the compiler of whole shelffuls now already at twenty-eight. But from the time when Gabrielle Ransome singled him out for a little favorable notice he forgot all about this, and floated in an exquisite blue ether of love and hope and love-pain, which is often so like happiness that the owner can not distinguish one from the other—until the catastrophe came.

Gabrielle was really much attracted by Valmy's brilliant talk and his vivid alternations of humor and thoughtfulness; his varied experiences and knowledge. Those of her circle somewhat looked down upon him for his poverty, which made her take him up all the more graciously and eagerly. Most women find something very sweet in the patronizing of some one; and here was a handsome and gifted young man with a romantic sort of poverty—a poverty which allows of good clothes and kid gloves and graceful ways—on the whole, quite a delightful object of patronage. So Valmy found himself during the season at this watering-place distinguished in a manner which surprised, enraptured, and almost bewildered him. Men with millions of dollars, men with names that echoed from Maine to Florida, Europeans of title as well as fortune, struggled in vain for the favor which was spontaneously bestowed on Eugene Valmy. Probably Valmy's head became a little turned by the delicious novelty of his situation. Perhaps, on the other hand, he was not intoxicated or bewildered, but merely had manhood enough to think his profession and himself worthy of any woman's respect, and worthy to compete with any rivalry of wealth and station. Anyhow, he one day made wild love to Gabrielle Ransome, asked her to marry him, pressed and besought her, and received at last an angry, vehement, disdainful refusal. He learned by bitter experience how justly applied was the title he had given her. She sent him from her with scornful, stinging words.

"But what have you, my old one?" said a gay young French friend, seizing Eugene by the arm as the latter strode, with head down and plunging step, along the strand after he had received this cruel dismissal—"what have you, and where go you with such a visage?"

Eugene stopped, and looked for a moment vacantly at his inquiring friend.

"I have got my sentence of banishment, Alcide," he said at last, with a ghastly smile on his tremulous lips; "and I am going into exile."

"Pardieu!" the sympathetic Frenchman exclaimed; "I comprehend all, and I pity you of it. But I am not surprised—and you will survive. Come, a game of billiards?"

Eugene shook his head, pressed his friend's hand, and hurried away. He left the place that evening.

Can I explain why Gabrielle Ransome locked herself up in her room shortly after, and wept bitter and passionate tears? Can I explain why she felt miserable, and yet wholly unrepentant? Can I explain why the place and the society around her seemed now utterly barren and hateful, and yet were Valmy back again at her feet, she knew she would again reject him? Above all, can I explain why she was angry with herself, not for the manner in which she had dismissed poor Valmy, but for the pangs she felt at the dismissal? Not I. Far be it from me to attempt to enter into the heart of a fashionable young lady of the period. But I think that Gabrielle Ransome would have been less scornful in her manner to Valmy and less angry now with herself if it were not that she felt herself to have been really in danger of falling in love with a man who had neither station nor money.

Gabrielle was as brilliant and attractive during the remainder of the season as ever. Indeed, she was far more attractive, for the disappearance of Valmy left her free to divide her smiles and kindly words among the general crowd of her admirers. But there was a strange sort of anxiety every now and then in her eyes, as if she were always expecting some one who never came. For the first time in the whole of her bright life she was suffering mental pain. She had sometimes had headache, and had suffered from sore throat; and she had experienced disappointment about dresses and balls and such-like; but she knew now for the first time what a heart-pang is. Surely this is a great step of progress. Is it not Heine who says that the dumb animals might almost become human by the influence of pain? Such humanizing influence a heart-pain may well have over a fashionable young lady. Our Undine of the aristocratic watering-place is perhaps acquiring a soul after a different fashion from La Motte Fouque's exquisite creature.

Yet it was not much evidence of a developing soul which Gabrielle Ransome gave when, toward the close of the season, she consented to promise her hand to the richest and the least intellectual of all her admirers. The thing was done very suddenly. There seemed no special reason why she should now all at once encourage this gentleman, whom she had so long discouraged. She seemed to act as one does who, having a disagreeable duty to do, suddenly starts up and rushes at the doing of it to get rid of it.

"Papa," said Gabrielle one day, coming up to her father with a flushed face and quivering lips, "I have promised Gervase Trenchard to marry him."

"Indeed, love? Well, I am delighted, of course. Gervase Trenchard is one of the richest men in the State; and he's a very good fellow, and all that; but, Gabrielle, had you any particular reason for singling out Trenchard?"

"Why do you ask, papa, when I have singled him out?"

"Because, child, you never seemed to me to care much about him."

"You dear papa! you don't understand the ways of girls."

"Well, I suppose I don't, my love. Any one you choose, Gabrielle, is a welcome son-in-law to me. I only want to see you happy, and I hope you are very happy now."

But Gabrielle had hurried from the room. Her heart was too full—with happiness, perhaps—to hear any more. She hid herself in her own room, and manifested her happiness in tears and sobs.

Now if Mr. Ransome had been a man of sense and strength—if, besides a fond affection for his daughter, he had had the faculty to understand and the power to guide her—he could before this, or even now, have saved her from much distress and the danger of committing a very great wrong. Is there any wrong a girl like Gabrielle Ransome can commit greater than the sin of marrying for some mean motive a man she does not and can not love? Gabrielle was about to marry Mr. Trenchard for a motive which, though she be my heroine, I must admit to be mean. Were her feelings thoroughly analyzed, had she herself the courage to analyze them, they would thus have explained themselves. In her heart she loved Eugene Valmy—that is, she would have found satisfaction for the highest aspirations of her soul (and, with all her fashionable weaknesses, she had some aspirations) if he were only a brilliant match in the worldly sense. But because he was not this she had not the courage even to listen to her own impulses; nay, she was even angry when at first she found that she had such impulses. She had not even Becky Sharp's excuse of want of money. But her ambition, born and bred and nurtured under the demoralizing, debasing influences of the society in which she lived, was to make a splendid match, and be wondered at, admired, and envied. So she flung Valmy off; and then, when he was gone, beginning to find, to her dismay, that she really had a heart, she could think of no remedy, no refuge, but in a sudden deed of moral suicide. She flung herself into an engagement with Gervase Trenchard in just that spirit of despair which makes many a poor girl, under other circumstances, fling herself into the river. For myself, I never could understand why we should all be so much more horrified at the physical than at the moral act of suicide.

Mr. Ransome did not think of all this; and in any case his affection never could find any nobler way of expressing itself than in letting his daughter "please herself," as he phrased it.

So she was now pleasing herself without let or hinderance, and weeping bitterly and alone. Poor Lady Disdain! These fine, fashionable creatures, too, they have their feelings.

Gabrielle rode out with her *fiancé* one day on a road which ran along the margin of the sea. It was an exquisite day of early autumn; the leaves were just beginning to turn to crimson and purple and gold, and the western sky was beginning to hang out the same colors; and the sea wore the deep wine-color which Homer pictures in one of his wondrous phrases. How glorious the scene! and how dull the pair who rode along! They hardly spoke. Gabrielle was quite out of humor—sick of the scene, of herself, of life; and her good-natured lover, having tried many ways of amusing her and failed disastrously, began to discover that she preferred to be let alone, and meekly endeavored to consult her pleasure accordingly. In fact, she had been torturing herself by remembering, and trying not to remember, one evening when she rode along this very path with Valmy, and when the charm of his conversation, lambent as it was with sympathy and with intellect, first won its way into her heart. How dull and vacant and vapid her lover seemed who now rode by her side! How provoking his stupid good nature! How distressing his efforts at conversation! Was this, then, to be her companion for life? or, rather, was she to go through life companionless? She grew sick at heart and angry and bitter, and, like a true woman, she vented her anger on the nearest object, her chosen lover.

They rode along wearily until they came within sight of a pretty little cottage which looked upon the sea, and near which a boat and some nets were lying. Gabrielle's quick ear caught a sound as of wailing within the cottage. She had often seen the little house before, and had spoken to a neat old dame who usually sat at the door engaged in some piece of domestic work. Gabrielle checked her horse and listened. Yes, there was a sound of woman's weeping within the cottage, and her heart impelled her to go in. Her lover, amazed and quite unable to understand her emotional impulse, obeyed her orders and lifted her from her horse, and remained obediently outside the cottage, while she, throwing the skirt of her riding dress over her arm, gently opened the door and entered.

The old woman was there, and was kneeling in sobbing prayer beside a bed. Gabrielle advanced and touched her shoulder with gentle, compassionate hand. At the same moment Gabrielle saw what was lying on the bed.

A dead body, the corpse of what had been a handsome dark-complexioned man in the pride of youth and noble, vigorous form. And Gabrielle started and almost screamed, so like at the moment did the features and form appear to those of Eugene Valmy. Perhaps the supposed resemblance was only the creation of her fancy, made morbidly sensitive and suggestive by her painful dwelling on thoughts of him. Perhaps there was a genuine resemblance. Two men of about the same age and size, dark-haired and dark-bearded, with clear and striking features, may well bear resemblance enough for one to suggest the other to a gazer's mind. Certainly Gabrielle felt for a moment almost as if she saw beneath her eye the dead body of Eugene Valmy.

"My son! my son!" the poor old woman sobbed. "My poor boy Stephen!"

Gabrielle sat beside her and took her hand, and soon learned her simple, sad story. The youth was her only son; he was a fisherman; he went out in his boat the night before last; a storm came on; he was drowned; the tide washed in his body. That was all. These things happen every day where there are waves and fishermen. "Men must work, and women must weep."

"I knew something would happen," the old woman went on, relieved to have found a sympathetic ear. "He didn't care for life any more; I think he wanted to die. His mother's love was not enough for him."

"Was he in love?" Gabrielle asked, gently, and still absorbed in wonder and painful emotion at the resemblance to the vanished Eugene Valmy.

"In love, ma'am? He was deceived, made a fool of by a vain creature, a thing with a pretty face—at least *he* thought her pretty; I didn't—and without a heart. She played with the boy, and set him mad, and then she threw him away because she got an offer from a man who owns a few boats and houses down yonder. She flung my son away; and when he tried to touch her with his words and his love, she only mocked him and treated him with scorn. He came home to me, and he said, 'Mother, it's all over with me. I'll never be the same man again—I've got it right in the heart!' And so he went out in his boat, and the sea was rough, and he didn't take any care, I guess—and there he lies dead! And she who drove him to it is now alive and merry! Well, God forgive her! O God, forgive all such creatures, who have no hearts of their own, and play with the hearts of men! My son! my boy Stephen!"

"O God, forgive all such women, indeed," said My Lady Disdain, with streaming eyes. And she thought to herself at the same moment, "How much worse am I than this other creature, even as this poor afflicted mother pictures her! For she did not really love this young man, while I—I did love Eugene Valmy. I do love him; and I cast him off and scorned him!"

All this time her *fiancé* was waiting patiently outside. At last he ventured to look in, and she was thus reminded of his existence, and felt a new pang thereat. She must return home, and in his society. Some two or three neighbors of the poor widow dropped in to keep her company, and Gabrielle promised to come again early next morning. As My Lady Disdain was leaving she cast a glance back on the dead body. The moon had already risen and flung a sad gleam over the white face, and she thought, with a start and a shudder, that that face looked more like than ever to the face of Eugene Valmy.

Gabrielle rode home in the moonlight, sad and silent. Even her lover began to understand that her soul was not with him.

Gabrielle slept but little that night. She looked into her own heart and into her life; she thought and wept and prayed. She rose in the morning purified, strengthened, and elevated. Undine's soul, in fact, had entered Undine's body at last.

Soon all the world knew that, for some reason or other, the engagement between Gabrielle Ransome and Gervase Trenchard had been broken off. Eugene Valmy did not hear of the fact until after his return from Alaska, whither he had gone—that region being the newest subject in his line—to make a volume, and to try to cure himself of his fatal love. He returned to New York uncured. For a time he kept entirely out of any society where Gabrielle might possibly be; but he soon told himself that this was a weakness of which he ought to be ashamed, and that he must be a man among men. So he went boldly into society, and he met her. Then his cheek so burned and his heart so beat that he feared he could not even speak to her, and that he must actually fly from the field like a coward. Perhaps he would have fled but that he still believed Gabrielle a heartless coquette, to whom his suffering would be but a triumph; and he would, at the cost of whatever agony, refuse to allow her that triumph. He approached her, and spoke in calm, friendly tones.

But My Lady Disdain said, "Mr. Valmy, when last we met I spoke in a manner which wounded you and shamed me. I have learned to be sorry for it. Will you forgive me? I have suffered much."

There was indeed a deep and melancholy expression on her face, such as he had never seen it wear before.

"Surely, Miss Ransome, when you speak so kindly and earnestly, I must forgive any thing you may have said. Let us speak of it no more."

"Nay, but I must speak of it a little more. Have you changed since then, Mr. Valmy?"

The blood rushed into the young man's face, and he looked wildly, wonderingly into hers to seek for the true meaning of her question. He saw only a strange, sweet expression there, half timid, half encouraging.

"Do you ask me out of mere cruelty, Miss Ransome? How could I change? The wound I have received I shall carry to the grave."

"Can I not heal the wound, Mr. Valmy? For I have changed since then—or, if I have not changed, I know my true self at last."

Thus it was that My Lady Disdain laid down her arms, having found her heart. The process of her conversion was illogical, indeed, but there are times and occasions when emotion is better than logic. The corpse of the fisher youth had taught her the first true lesson of life she had ever received, and the lessons of life are lessons of love.

COTTON IN EGYPT.

[See Illustrations on Page 1128.]

No. 1.—This sketch represents the way in which camels are made to transport the cotton from the interior to the river-bank for shipment to Alexandria. A camel can carry with ease six or seven large cotton bags, and crosses the roughest ground with the greatest patience. The camels are generally strung together in long lines of a dozen or more, while at their head trots the Arab in charge of the convoy, mounted upon a little donkey.

No. 2.—This view shows the curious construction of the Nile boats, with their short masts and long swallow-winged sails. If a boat draws too much water, the bulwark is heightened by plastering on Nile mud, which quickly bakes hard in the sun, and acts as well as a wooden bulwark.

No. 3.—The large house to the left is a harem, as seen by the lattice windows; the building to the right is a cotton-packing establishment. The bales in the foreground lie for inspection. A hole is cut in each, and the white cotton protrudes for examination. Some negroes are cutting the bags open, while English purchasers chat over the value of the lots offered for sale with the Arab merchant.

No. 4.—This is a view taken from the interior of the large Exchange Quadrangle. In the centre is a palm-tree and some old buildings over a Mohammedan tomb, where a light is always kept burning. The negroes are here mostly dressed in long white and colored robes. Nearly every one keeps in the shade. Europeans—English, French, Greeks, Germans, and Italians—are all present in their countries' dresses, all talking different languages, and splitting up into groups. The sun is fearfully hot, and newly arrived persons can only move about under large white umbrellas. Coffee is served on trays in tiny cups, and smoking is very common.

No. 5.—This is the Viceroy's great auction-room. All his produce—cotton, sugar, wheat, etc.—is sold in this room. The language of the auctioneer is Italian and Arabic. The people attending are of every European nation—largely Greeks, with black beards, and light-haired Germans. A few Englishmen are present. The officials all wear red tabouches (fezes). Programmes of the sale are handed round by a dark servant, and the bidding often becomes very exciting.

No. 6.—A Shuna is the place where all the cotton is taken out of the "cantar bags," and after careful examination (to see that no stones, etc., have been put in with the cotton to increase its weight) is packed by hydraulic machinery into iron-hooped bales. The picture illustrates how the cotton is received from the camels, and after unloading is weighed, bag by bag, to see that fair weight has been given. The costumes of the natives are of all colors and are very picturesque.

No. 7.—In this sketch the cotton has been pressed into a compact bale by the action of the press. The two superintendents have their hands on the steam and water handles to regulate the press. The three men by the bale are fastening iron bands round the bale while it is held firm in the press.

No. 8.—To the right is a camel, which has brought down a load of five press-packed iron-hooped bales. A little "saucer-roofed" house contains a lazy official smoking his nargileh in the shade. Before the door stands another official, weighing and marking each separate bale in Arabic, to enable the Khedive to collect his export dues for every ounce of cotton exported from the country. The bales, when marked, have two little pieces of wood put on their flat sides, and are then rolled down the incline to the boats, which are gradually loaded. The boats are then rowed off to the steamer waiting to receive the cotton, and the cotton is soon on its way to Europe. The value of the cotton thus shipped exceeds £10,000,000 per annum.